THE WANDERER OF LIVERPOOL

JOHN MASEFIELD

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THE WANDERER

BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

Collected Poems and Plays—Captain Margaret—Melloney Holtspur—The Everlasting Mercy and The Widow in The Bye Street—A Mainsail Haul—Right Royal—The Old Front Line—Reynard The Fox, or The Ghost Heath Run—King Cole—The Faithful—The Dream, and Other Poems—A King's Daughter—The Locked Chest—Salt-Water Poems and Ballads—Lost Endeavour—Esther and Berenice—Gallipoli—Good Friday, and Other Poems—The Daffodil Fields—Enslaved, and Other Poems—A Sailor's Garland—Philip The King, and Other Poems—Lollingdon Downs, and Other Poems—Multitude and Solitude—The Story of a Round-House, and Other Poems—Selected Poems—The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays—The Tragedy of Pompey The Great—The War and The Future—The Taking of Helen—Sard Harker—The Trial of Jesus—Tristan and Isolt—The Midnight Folk—Odtaa—The Coming of Christ—Midsummer Night, and Other Tales in Verse—The Hawbucks—South and East—The Wanderer of Liverpool

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THE *WANDERER* (OF LIVERPOOL)

from a painting by MR. J. SPURLING

THE WANDERER OF LIVERPOOL

by

JOHN MASEFIELD

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NEW YORK
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TO
ALL OLD
WANDERERS

ILLUSTRATIONS

The *Wanderer,* by Mr. J. Spurling - - - - - - - - - *frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Potter - - - - - - - - - - - - - 1

The *Wayfarer* and *Seafarer* - - - - - - - - - - - - 2

The *Wanderer* as originally rigged - - - - - - - - - - 10

In Kingstown Harbour - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 30

In Kingstown Harbour - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 32

In Salthouse Dock - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 34

Captain John Brander - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 36

In San Francisco Bay - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 38

In Queenstown - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 42

Captain Brander and some of his Crew - - - - - - - - - - 44

Drawn from the sail plan - - - - - - - - - - - - - 46

In the Cyclone - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 48

In the Cyclone - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 50

Under all plain sail - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 56

At Bristol - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 60

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

At Bristol - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 62

In the Mersey - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 68

The *Wrestler* - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 82

The *Gertrud Woermann* - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 82

The Morning After - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 86

The Half-Round - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 86

The End - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 90

Mr. Underhill's drawing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 94

Captain Daniel's drawing (close hauled) - - - - - - - - - - 100

Captain Daniel's drawing (going free) - - - - - - - - - - 102

Off Cape Flattery - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 104

Deck, looking forward - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 106

In the North Atlantic - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 122

Looking up the mainmast - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 122

Captain Spencer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 122

Captain Daniel - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 122

Deck Views - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 124

Wanderers, 1892 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 126

Wanderers, 1901 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 128

Captain Bailey - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 130

FACING PAGE

Her Helpers - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 132

Wanderers, 1904 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 134

Puss - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 134

PLANS

Plan of Accommodation - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 6

Midship Section - - - - - - - - - - - - *following page,* 138

Main Deck Plan - - - - - - - - - - - - " " 138

Sail Plan - - - - - - - - - - - - - " " 138

THE WANDERER

MR. AND MRS. W. H. POTTER

from a photograph lent by G. H. POTTER, ESQ.

THE WANDERER

εἰσὶ δὲ νηες
πολλαὶ ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ Ἰθάκῃ, νέαι ἠδὲ παλαιαί·
τάων μέν τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιόψομαι ἥ τις ἀρίστη.

There are many ships,
Both new and old, in sea-girt Ithaca,
I'll choose you out the best.
Odyssey II. 292.

The ship-building firm of Messrs. W. H. Potter & Co. was established by the late Mr. W. H. Potter on the island of Queen's Dock, Liverpool, in the year 1860. It usually found employment for four hundred and fifty or five hundred workers, most of whom remained with the firm for many years, or throughout their working lives.

As head of this community, when trade was slack and orders were scarce, Mr. W. H. Potter used to lay down one or more ships to provide employment for the workers. These ships were usually sold while they were still upon the stocks.

In 1886, he built and launched the full-rigged ship, the *Wayfarer* (Yard Number 127; 2,040 tons net register; carrying about 3,150 tons). As no reasonable offer was made for her while

she was building, he kept her, and traded with her. She first went to sea on the 17th October, 1886, under Captain George Currie, with the Potter house-flag of a blue and white burgee, blue in the hoist. In 1888 the firm built and launched the slightly larger four-masted barque, the *Seafarer* (Yard Number 131; 2,163 tons, net register; carrying about 3,400 tons). The firm kept this vessel also and traded with her.

Both the *Wayfarer* and the *Seafarer* were fine ships and always successful. They were usually painted with black topsides above a tier of ports, above a black streak, above French gray at the water-line. Both were ships of a bold sheer and loftily rigged.

The *Seafarer* was one of the lofty ships of her time, with skysail yards on her fore and main masts. The rig of the four-masted barque had not at the time of her building become formal, so that she preserved something of the look of the full-rigged ship, all four masts being of unequal heights. Both of these two vessels had single topgallant yards. The *Seafarer* set a very large spanker, having the jaws of her gaff above the jigger masthead instead of below the top. Of the two, the *Seafarer* had the greater beauty; she was also the handier and the more comfortable.

In 1890, Mr. Potter, on his return from a voyage round the world, proceeded with the design and building of the *Wanderer* (Yard Number 150; 2,903·29 tons gross, 2,800·59 net tonnage; finished weight 1,780 tons, carrying about 4,500 tons).

She was laid down at the yard in August 1890, on a slip now

WAYFARER *SEAFARER*

from the painting by J. WITHAM *now owned by* CAPTAIN TINSLEY

covered by the Queen's Graving Dock. Her official dimensions were:

Length - - - - -	309 feet
Beam - - - - -	46 feet
Depth - - - - -	25.8 feet

For some years men had been building big sailing ships which could compete with steamers, as carriers of freight, in the longer voyages, to the West Coast of both Americas, and to Australia. These big sailing ships were sometimes three-masted full-rigged ships, so heavily rigged that they were difficult to handle; sometimes four-masted full-rigged ships, beautiful to the eye, but expensive to run and not easy to work; and sometimes they were four-masted barques. The tendency of the time was towards the barque rig, for many practical reasons, and by 1890 most sailing vessels of over 2,000 tons were rigged as four-masted barques. Sailing vessels of more than 2,500 tons were still rare, and being experimental vessels, the experiment was being tried to build them with a central bridge or living-house amidships, stretching right across the main deck just abaft the mainmast and reaching aft for some fifteen yards. Inside this structure, all hands were housed. Often the ship was steered from a chart-house above the structure.

In 1890, this experimental fashion, still new to the world, having been used as yet in less than a dozen ships, was adopted in the *Wanderer*. There was much to be said for it. It gave much

greater structural strength amidships. All hands were housed in a part of the ship where the motion was least felt; and the substantial structure filled that part of the main deck most likely to be flooded. There was much to be said against it. Men had to clamber up to the top of the structure to reach the main fiferails, and to cross it when passing from one end of the ship to the other: the climb up and down was a great annoyance. Then the big seas, which often came aboard about the mainmast, could not wash aft and away, but filled the deck just forward of the house and flooded both forecastles and the alleyway. In addition, the great length of the wheelchains tended to make ships steering from amidships somewhat difficult to steer.

Mr. Potter took intense interest in the design and the building of the *Wanderer;* he was daily about her on the slips, and often worked upon her with his own hands. He meant to make her the strongest and the most beautiful ship afloat.

In this, in the opinion of many sailors, he succeeded.

She was very strongly built, with heavy web frames running from her 'tween-decks to her side keelsons, as well as many stanchions. As she was to be a big carrier of cargo, she was of a full model, wall-sided, rather hard in the bilge and with a flat floor, though she grew somewhat sweeter aft. Above the waterline, she was lovely. She had a noble sheer, a beautiful bow and an exquisite elliptical stern. She was clencher-built, with steel frames, beams and shell-plating. The butts of her side-plating

were fitted on the outside of her hull, instead of inside as was then usual. She had iron floors, and an iron deck-plating, with yellow pine deck plank above it. She had heavy teak skirtings along her waterways and line of hatches. She had a fully-laid wooden 'tween-decks.

Her forward sheer was remarkable and her bows most lovely. She had a figurehead, carved by Messrs. J. and J. Hammond, of Liverpool, representing a woman gazing forward under an uplifted right hand which shaded her brow. The face and figure of the woman were moulded from Mrs. W. H. Potter, the wife of the builder, a lady with a face of singular sweetness. This figurehead is still remembered among sailors as one of the best of the time, though a sailor has described it to me as "fully robed Lady got up in white and gold without tail boards." Figureheads were then becoming rare: fiddleheads and scrollwork were supplanting them.

Her forecastle head or awning was not raised, but carried on the sheer of the topgallant bulwarks, which were exceptionally high forward. The forecastle head was open to the main deck. It housed underneath it a Clarke Chapman windlass. On the top was the hand-capstan, which could work this windlass when steam was not given. She had no catheads on either side, but a strong central anchor-derrick, or crane, just abaft the fore-stay, for catting and fishing the anchors. A tower for a sidelight was

on each side at the break of the awning-deck. Abreast the fore-bitts on each side there was a Harfield's deck-capstan.

Between the fore- and main-masts was a steel deck-house, which contained the galley, the donkey-engine, boiler and steam winch. A messenger chain from the barrel of this winch transmitted power to the windlass forward. The donkey-engine is said to have been "very good indeed, superior to that of many steamers." On the top of the donkey-house was a fresh water tank for the donkey-boiler. This was an extension of the sides of the house upwards for about two feet.

The galley occupied the forward third of this deck-house; the after two-thirds made the donkey-room.

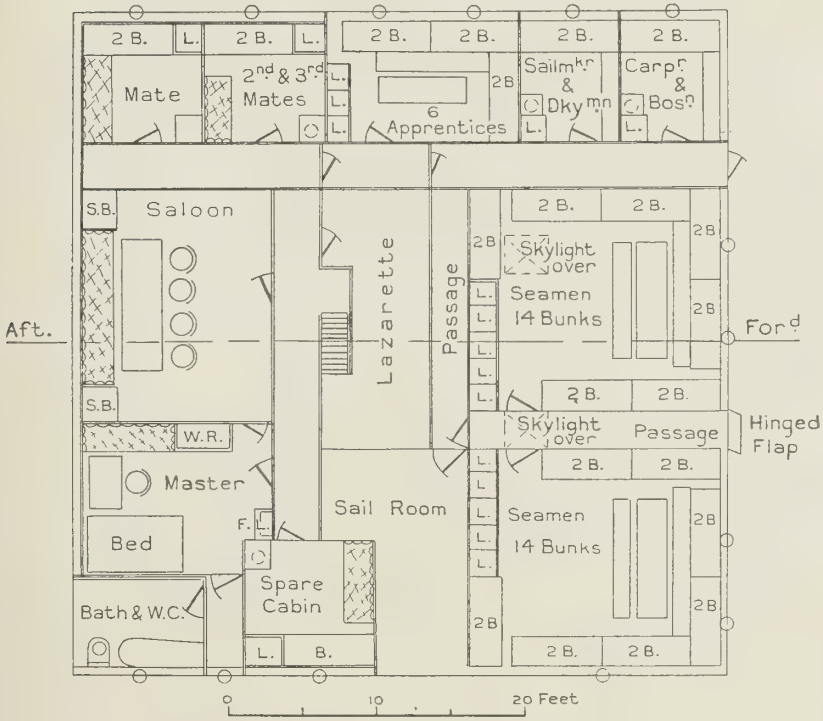
The main hatch lay abaft this house: abaft it were the mainmast and bitts.

The big bridge, or midship section, which was always called "the poop," ran aft from just abaft the mainmast for a distance of fifteen yards. It was not a deck-house but a decked-over section of the ship adding to her strength. The inner arrangement of this poop will be grasped more readily from the plan than from any description. It housed all hands.

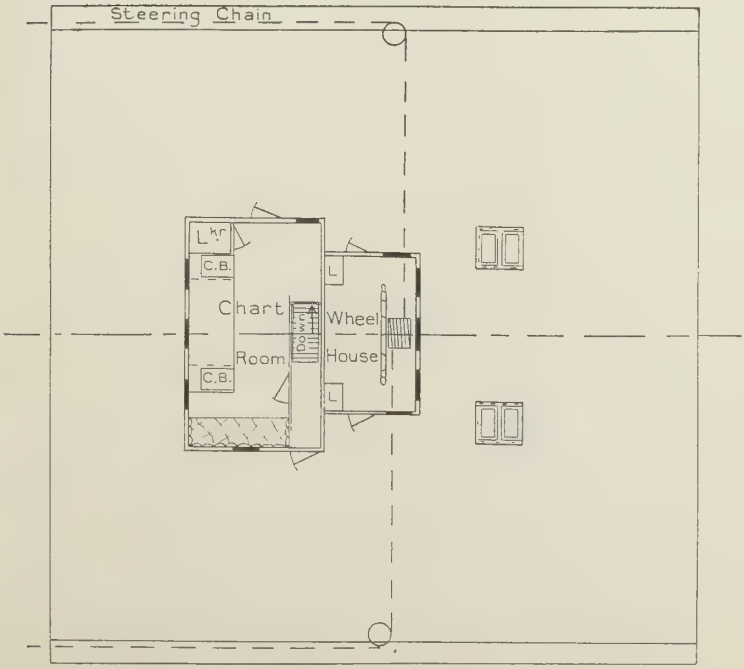
The forecastles were both abaft the forward bulkhead of the poop. They were lit by bullseye ports and by large square skylights above. There was a door from the starboard forecastle to the deck: the port forecastle door opened on to the alleyway. In bad weather, when the forward deck was full of water, the hands

S. V. *WANDERER*

Plan of Accommodation *as described by* CAPT. R. R. TINSLEY



Upper Deck



Bridge Deck

could reach the poop by a companion ladder which led into the chart-room. The starboard forecastle was divided almost into two by an iron bulkhead. In the early years of the ship the bulkheads of the forecastles and cabins were of plate, but in the year 1904 the iron was sheathed with matchboard, which made a great improvement.

All floors were cemented throughout the midship section.

The chart-house was a superstructure upon the poop. The fore-part of this chart-house was fitted as the wheel-house, from which the ship was steered. Two large round deck-lights were fitted over the gratings so that the man at the wheel might see the weather skysail leach, when steering on a wind. Chains and steering-rods led from the barrel of this wheel to the bulwarks and thence aft to the quadrant on the rudder-head. Late in her career one of her captains "had a special brass spoke made to fit into a socket on the face of the wheel-rim," so that a third man might help when she was steering badly, as in heavy running.

Abaft the midship section her deck was so very clear that the officers had a long promenade, on either side. Her standard compass was between the boat-skids abaft the mizen-mast. It could be reacht by a gangway from the poop. Immediately under the standard compass was a third Harfield's deck-capstan. On the skids, a little further aft, were two lifeboats, one on each side, with a gig in addition to starboard. These boats could be fleeted forward when work was being done at the booby hatch. Abaft

the jigger-mast, on deck, was a large hencoop, and the hatch of a sail-locker. Right aft, there was a small whaleback, under which there was a double-wheeled emergency hand-steering gear (hardly ever connected or used). The whaleback was open to the main deck except for a vertical plate about fifteen inches high running across its forepart as a coaming. On the whaleback were cleats for the spanker boom sheets, hawser-leads, and a stern-light box. A life-line ran through stanchions on its top to keep men from slipping overboard from it. Her main and after hatches were fitted with the usual hand crab-winches.

Her bulwarks and bulkheads were painted white with pea-green panels. Her coamings were pea-green. Her boats were painted deep green above and white below the water-line. The half-round and bulwark outside the midship section were painted white. The whaleback was painted white. Her bitts, fife and pin rails were all of teak: these, as well as her decks of yellow pine, were treated with linseed oil.

Outwardly, she was at first painted with black topsides, above a white tier in which were seventeen black painted ports on each side. Below the painted ports came a broad black line rather broader than either line above it. Below this again was French gray, as far as the red-lead line. It is to be noted that her hawse-holes came in the lower black line, not in the tier of painted ports.

The name, the *Wanderer,* was suggested by Mr. G. H.

Potter, the son of the builder. Other members of the family had suggested the names *Wayfarer* and *Seafarer:* when it came to his turn he suggested *Wanderer:* as he writes, "the name *Wanderer* was the name of a ship in a book given to me as a child." No more beautiful name could have been chosen.

On Thursday, the 20th of August, 1891, the barque was launched from the ways, and received her name of *Wanderer* from Mrs. W. H. Potter, her builder's wife. The hour of the launch seems not to be recorded: it is to be presumed that it took place near high water, at 11.38 a.m. The legend that has been current, that she would not leave the ways for a fortnight, and was at last launched on a Friday, has no foundation. She went down into the river easily, and was then towed into the Queen's Graving Dock. On the 26th August she removed into the Queen's Half-Tide Dock, to rig. An American steamer named the *Wanderer* was at that time in the Harrington Dock.

In her rig, the *Wanderer* resembled the *Seafarer:* that is, she was a four-masted barque, each mast being of a different size and height. She had a steel spike jib-boom in one piece: her jigger-mast was of steel in one piece. Her fore-, main- and mizen-masts were of steel, with steel topmasts fidded in the usual way. Her topgallant, royal and skysail masts were single spars of the best Oregon pine. She had a skysail yard on foremast and mainmast, nothing above the royal on the mizen. She was a very lofty ship. Some felt that she ought to have had a third skysail, as she would

have been stiff enough to stand moonsails. Her topsails were of course double on all three masts. Her topgallant sails were single sails; in some of her voyages they were fitted with reef-bands half-way down, like the upper topsails. They were immense sails, having greater depth than the upper topsails. Her upper sails all clued up to the yard-arms. Like the *Seafarer,* she set an immense spanker, having her gaff at the jigger-mast head. As the *Wanderer* had no poop, only a little whaleback, the boom could set well down and give this sail great depth. The spanker usually set was short-headed (about eight feet) but in the Trades she set a full-headed sail, with five brails. A glance at her sail-plan will show the power given to her. In some of her voyages (as in 1899) she set royal staysails in addition: even without these she could set thirty-five or thirty-six big sails and hold her own with most things. Each yard was about eight feet shorter than the one below it.

There have, of course, been ships loftier, more heavily sparred and squarer in their spread: there can have been few more noble in appearance. Some of the late and lofty four-masted barques, such as the *North Star,* the *Queen Margaret,* the *Pegasus* and the *Dumfriesshire,* with skysails on three masts, were splendid to the eye, but lost much from having standard masts, fore, main and mizen, of the same height. In the *Seafarer* and the *Wanderer* the eye was won and delighted by the lift of the main skysail pole above the others. That old tradition had its special beauty.

THE *WANDERER* HOVE-TO (AS ORIGINALLY RIGGED)

from the painting by MR. J. WITHAM

from a photograph kindly lent by COLONEL ROLLO *and* MR. HERRON

Her rigging was of the best of her time, that is, of a time when rigging had come to a perfection that was never to be surpassed. All her standing rigging was of wire, set up by box-screws. The yards had wire lifts; the pendants of the running rigging were of wire. Her topsail-halliards were of 4½ inch Manilla rope. In those days the elegance of a ship was still considered an important matter, and battens were not used in the swifters of English ships. Ratlines were still used, and the rattled swifters had a grace that battened swifters never had.

When first rigged, the masts and jib-boom were painted the deep yellow ochre usually called "mast colour." The yards, gaff and spanker boom were all white. Her swifters were black, set off with white eyes and seizings; everything white below the sheer poles.

She had one peculiarity: the eyes of her lower stays fitted over cleats in the doublings above her tops, some feet clear of the eyes of the shrouds.

LENGTHS OF BOWSPRIT, MASTS AND YARDS

		FEET	INCHES
Bowsprit	Extreme length	58	6
"	Knightheads to outer end - - - - - -	45	
Foremast	Extreme length	91	6
"	Above deck - - - - - - - - - - -	64	
"	Topmast - - - - - - - - - - -	56	
"	Topgallant and royal masts in one - - -	65	
"	Yard - - - - - - - - - - - -	92	

LENGTHS OF BOWSPRIT, MASTS AND YARDS

		FEET	INCHES
Foremast	Lower Topsail Yard	83	6
"	Upper " "	74	
"	Topgallant Yard	63	6
"	Royal Yard	56	
"	Skysail Yard	48	
Mainmast	Extreme length	94	10
"	Above deck	70	6
"	Topmast	56	
"	Topgallant royal and skysail masts in one	74	
"	Yard	92	
"	Lower Topsail Yard	83	6
"	Upper " "	74	
"	Topgallant Yard	63	6
"	Royal Yard	56	
"	Skysail Yard	48	
Mizenmast	Extreme length	93	4
"	Above deck	69	3
"	Topmast	56	
"	Topgallant and royal masts in one	56	
Crossjack Yard		92	
Mizen Lower Topsail Yard		83	6
" Upper " "		74	
" Topgallant Yard		63	6
" Royal Yard		56	
Jiggermast	Extreme length	147	7
"	Above deck	128	

The doublings on fore-, main- and mizen-masts were alike, 14 feet the lower masts, 10 feet the topgallant masts.

There is reason to believe that a spare royal yard, 56 feet long, was sometimes crossed, as the skysail yard.

About the 9th or 10th of September, while she lay in the Queen's Dock, men laid some scantlings at the bottom of her hold: she then received some hundreds of tons of coal as stiffening. As it was wet weather when this was done, the coal was wet when it went down: it afterwards generated heat.

On Saturday, the 12th September, she towed across the river to the East Float in Birkenhead: on the 14th, she moved to the West Float, where she was to load Westminster Brimbo Steam coal for San Francisco. She received her cargo and signed on her crew, of whom a few words may be written here.

Her Captain, George Currie, was a native of Nova Scotia, aged 52 years. His home was in San Francisco, where he was known as "genial Captain Currie." He had come to the *Wanderer* from the *Wayfarer* which he had commanded with success for the last five years.

Her mate, George Shearer, a native of Banff, was in his thirtieth year. He had recently married and had spent his honeymoon on board the *Wanderer* while fitting her for sea.

The second mate, Thomas P. Baker, who had been born at sea, was a man of twenty-four.

The third mate, Walter Jones, was a native of Birmingham.

The boatswain was John Walter; the carpenter was a Finn, named John Jones. I cannot read the sailmaker's name; his ini-

tials seem to have been S.T.P. The engineman was J. McIntyre; the steward was a Maltese, E. Cross; the cook, A. Burke. There were twenty able-bodied seamen, only three of whom, all Welshmen, seem to have been British. There were two ordinary seamen. The four apprentices in the half-deck were R. Tinsley, H. Arnett, H. Watson, and John Hetherington. In all, her crew consisted of thirty-six men and boys: a thirty-seventh, an able seaman, joined her at the Pierhead, by what was called a pierhead jump, as she towed out to sea. The crew signed to be aboard at 8 a.m. on Saturday, the 17th October.

On Thursday, the 15th of October, the ship was moved to a berth in the Birkenhead Alfred Dock, ready to sail. For some days of that week these islands had been swept by gales of great violence with unusual rain. On the Friday, the 16th, when Mr. Potter and some of his family went on board the *Wanderer* to drink tea with Captain Currie, it was blowing so hard from the west, that the Mersey Ferry traffic was disturbed; there were many shipping casualties along the coast, and a man was drowned in the Mersey, not far from the landing stage. It was such wild weather, that (it is said) Mr. Potter recommended Captain Currie to stay in dock until the Monday, the 19th. According to the story, Captain Currie answered that the 17th of October would be the anniversary of his sailing in the *Wayfarer,* and that he looked upon it as his lucky day.

Liverpool then, as now, put forth many fine ships each year.

The sight of a new ship, setting forth upon her first voyage, was one often seen. I will not pretend that the heart of Liverpool was stirred by the first setting out of the *Wanderer*. Yet some hundreds of souls in Liverpool had taken part in her building, rigging and loading; and all those who were interested in ships knew her as the finest ship of her year. She was thought of and talked of a good deal. Even in Liverpool a sailing ship of nearly three thousand tons setting two skysails, of a great sheer, and of a noble beauty, was a rare sight. She was the last achievement in sailing-ship building and rigging: nothing finer had been done, or ever was done.

I tell of her first putting to sea in the lines which follow this.

THE SETTING FORTH

Her builder and owner drank tea with her captain below.
He said "Are you bent upon sailing at morning's full flood?"
And Currie, the captain, said "Surely. Determined to sail."
Her owner replied: "It is stormy, and something within
Warns me that worse is approaching; much worse, I imagine.
Stay until Monday, and give the gale time to blow over."

Then Currie replied, "Sir, to-morrow is my lucky day.
The seventeenth day of October, just five years ago,
I first took the *Wayfarer* out, at her first putting forth.
A fortunate day to a fortunate voyage and ship.
I trust to the luck of to-morrow, and sail, storm or no."

"So," said her owner, "So be it: good fortune go with you.
But still, I am sorry you cannot delay till it clear."

In sunlight next morning they hoisted her colours for sea,
Blue Peter in signal of sailing, red ensign abaft,
High at her main truck her house-flag, the swallow-tailed burgee,
Blue in the hoist, white in fly, at a summit so lofty
That only two ships in the world carried colours more high.

Now with a crying of catcalls and stumbling and swearing
The crew came aboard in the care of the boarding-house men:
They wore the thin cottons and serges of men of the sea.

Some carried small kit-bags of canvas, or little roped chests,
But many had nothing but rags and a bottle of gin.
Three only were sober, three Welshmen, who went to their
work;
The others, all Scands from North Europe, not knowing a word
Of English, all drunken, some fighting, some screeching, some
stunned
Lurched in up the gangway and swore at George Shearer the
mate,
Then stumbled their way to the fo'c'sle and screamed till they
slept.

The Paddle-tug *Wrestler* arrived at an hour ere flood,
Then slowly the hawser was passt and the mooring ropes slackt,
The ship moved away from her berthing, her voyage begun.

In dock, near her berth, lay the famous American ship
The *R. D. Rice,* lofty and lovely, with three skysail yards.
Her captain, there watching the *Wanderer* passing to sea,
Cried to George Currie, "I'll bet you a rosy-cheekt apple
I'll be in San 'Frisco before you": the Wanderers laught
From pride in their racer now trembling to gallop the sea.

Slowly she moved to the gateway that led to the river;
The gates were wide opened, beyond lay the fullness of flood.

There on the pierhead, the dock-gate officials and riggers,
The stevedoors and dockers and penniless seamen were buncht
Watching her ripples advance as she followed her tug.

Now as that queen of the water went out to her kingdom,
As spear-like for diving the spike of her jib-boom was poised
Over the paddle churn foam slapping weeds at the dock gates,
And slowly her gazing white woman moved forward in thought
Between the stone walls, and her boys, coiling gear, paused to
watch,
A man of that muster of dockers went up to the edge,
And took off his cap with, "Three cheers for the *Wanderer*":
then
All of those sea-beaten fellows swung caps, and their cheering
Sent the gulls mewing aloft: then George Shearer, the chief
mate,
Up on her fo'c'sle, replied with "Three cheers for Pierhead,
boys."
The boys and the seamen all swinging caps shouted three cheers.
A man from the pierhead jumpt into the rigging aboard.
She passt in procession of masts through the narrow dock gates.

Now in the river she paused as she swung through her quadrant;
Men hurried to watch her as slowly she headed for sea,
At bidding extending her loitering length of delight.

All of the power of muscle of hundreds of builders
Beating out iron and steel into straightness or curving,
All of the knowledge and cunning of hundreds of thinkers
Who make from the stubborn the swanlike and sweeping and
swift,
All of the art of the brain that had seen her in vision,
Had gone to the making her perfect in beauty and strength.
Her black painted ports above black showed the curve of her
sheer,
Her yellow masts raked as they rose with their burden of yards.
High, high aloft rose her skysails, and over her skysails
Bright in the sun, blowing out, blue and white, were her colours.

As a stallion paws earth at the edge of a forest land,
Snuffing the air as he looks at the grassland below him,
Where all things await him, mares, battles, and clover by springs,
And whinnies for joy, with his ears cockt, his crest hackled high,
And trots down to challenge, all trembling, with flame in his
eye;
Or as the sea-eagle aloft in his desolate place
In rock, or in air, all intent on the infinite smile
Of an ocean too quiet to blot out the steamer tracks,
Yet sees in that dove-coloured quiet the silver gleam go
And launches, exulting, his beautiful body as Death;

Or as in a city beleaguered an Angel of God
Moves in the alleys, and eyes bright with famine behold her,
And courage comes out of her beauty and hope from her word,
And as she advances to battle all follow her flag
So trembling and proudly and queenly she trod towards ocean.

Her pinnacled splendour moved westward among the gray gulls,
Past steamers at anchor, whose stewards stoppt work as she passt,
Past steamers bound outwards or inwards, whose horns blew
salute,
By barges, tan-sailed, lipping under, and schooners from sea
Past a white-masted ship, towing in, flaunting colours out,
Past Bidston and beaches of pleasure and buoys showing sands,
Past these the *Wanderer* towed, west for the desolate bar.

Next morning beheld her still towing, her pilot discharged,
Clear weather and moderate wind with the southern sky dark
And promise of worsening weather and freshening wind;
Day-long the heaven grew grayer with gathering storm
Coming with evil of water and evil of moaning
Of wind in the rigging beginning and seas ridging white.
Noontide was pastime of stubbornly butting the hillocks;
But ever the tempest advanced and the hillocks grew steep.
The spurtles of sea from her scuppers were wetting her decks.
In her descendings, the fire-bright shreddings of spray leapt

Over her fo'c'sle; her sails, not yet loost from the gaskets,
Darkened with rain and were dripping: she shone from the wet
And southward she laboured, with shoutings when watches were
set.

Ere twilight came shrieking, the *Wrestler* made signal to say
"Holyhead's yonder abreast: shall we put in for shelter?
A dangerous sea is now running and stopping our way."
And Currie made answer, "Keep towing: we will not put in."
So on they kept towing in sight of the mountains of Wales
Dark on the anger of heaven; the darkness came early
With streakings of flame in the west and then darkness indeed,
Moonless and starless a lightning-blencht blackness of tumult,
With seas roaring out from wind roaring, and wind in the shrouds
Shrieking, and iron blocks batting, and swinging ports streaming
And smoke streaming from her, the ship-shattered water like
smoke.

Onwards she weltered astern of the labouring *Wrestler*
On, in the teeth of the storm in a blackness so utter
That no gleam was seen save the romping white races of waves
Rushing up, under the sidelights, to thunder down deckward
And hiss out of white into blackness and slowly pour free.
Both of the fo'c'sles were flooded; the draggled drunk seamen

Curst, as the bursting salt water made sodden their pallets:
The night was all anger all banded to stop her advance.
And like a red stag of the forest, who comes from the glens,
Tossing his many tined antlers, adventuring softly
Downhill to the beaches, from hunger of salt of the rock,
And there is engulfed in a quicksand all sodden with well-springs
And struggles, but cannot escape, being sunk to the knee,
So struggled the *Wanderer,* held by the rush of the storm.

In darkness of tumult the danger came suddenly down.
Some sudden attack of the sworders that smite from the wind,
Some gallop of spearers that smite upon ships from the sea,
No man beheld it, or heard it, or knew it; but sharply,
Suddenly, somehow, the steel-towing hawser was broken,
Snappt, in some heave or descent, and, as suddenly, danger
Leapt at those vessels; the *Wrestler* was towing no longer
But prone on her broadside as helpless as blossom in weir,
As may-blossom caught in a current and whelmed in a sluice;
Swept from the *Wanderer* far, to the brink of destruction,
While she, the fair *Wanderer,* wallowed, not under command,
In breakings of billows that lifted her ropes from her rail.

Then Currie gave order, to get the ship under her sail.
But most of the seamen were drunken and lying asleep:
The others, all new to the ship, in the blackness of storm,
Divided, the some to loose topstails, the rest to sheet home.

Some loost the three topsails and lingered to overhaul gear
But all the sails thundered and bellied aloft like blown flags,
And streamed out to leeward with roaring of quick cannonade
The chains of the sheets flying skyward in showers of sparks
Tugging their leads like mad horses and shaking the ship;
For those upon deck standing ready to sheet the sails home,
Had all been flung headlong from footing by sea after sea,
And rolled in green water in scuppers with floating ropes' ends,
The sheets all let go, were unroven and flying aloft.
The setting those three lower topsails was playing with Death.

Then Currie, alarmed lest the ship should be blown upon Wales,
Called hands to wear ship, and the helm was put up, and she paid
Off, with the hands at the braces and steady eyes watching.
Slowly she answered, in thunder on thunder of water
That flooded the line of drencht men at the weather main brace.
Then much as the stallion that follows the hounds, being held
By one full of caution, goes steadily up to the jump,
Some red-berried blackthorn with thrushes' nests still in its twigs,
And there flings his rider away, but himself laughs aloud
And kindles from freedom and gallops with stirrups aloft
Free in his glory of speed, in his triumph of power,
So went the *Wanderer* round, through the staggering moment,
Down in the trough, to emerge and go galloping on

Roaring, high streaming, full-flooded, to head to north-westward.
But as she came hurtling to windward, her topsails, all three,
Split into ribbons and rags like to battle-torn banners,
And crash came their gear from aloft on the roof of the house
Over the heads of the helmsmen who screamed in their terror
Lest they should be stricken, while steering, like rats in a trap.

George Currie himself took them aft to the ship's after-wheel,
And set them to steer under cover, with: "There, my men; now
You'll steer her in safety,"—they stood at the wheel steering
hard,
Heaving the wheel up and down, though the wheel for the
moment
Had not been connected; the pintles were presently shipped.
The thunder and lightning made battle in heaven above.

Now, as she laboured, deep-rolling, unsteadied by canvas,
All of her high foretopgallant mast suddenly snapping
Short, at the cap, with its yard and the royal and skysail,
Crasht from its splendour, collapsed in its rigging and swung
there,
Raining down gear upon deck, blocking the weather fore-shrouds.

Then Currie gave order to light the red lights of distress:
The engineman ran to the lamp-room and lighted the lamps,
And carried them aft, there to hoist them aloft at the peak;

But as he was hoisting, the flames were blown out in all three,
He had to return to the lamp-room to light them again.
He was a faithful good servant to Potters, the owners,
Had wrought for them many long years in the Liverpool Dock,
But this was his first going sailing to sea in a ship.
Three times like a fighter he struggled down aft with the lamps;
Thrice, as he hoisted, the wind licked the flames from the
burners:
The fourth time he hoisted, the spanker-gaff crasht overboard,
Taking the lanterns along with it under the water.
"O Jasus," the man said, "Thank Jasus, that job's at an end."

Shearer, with all he could gather of seamen and ship's boys,
Waded out forward to set inner jib and stay foresail:
The jib was cast loose, but the halliards were jammed in the
throat,
By some of the tangle of gear flying loose from the smash.

Still it was vital to get the jib hoisted and sheeted:
The ship might be lost if she were not brought under command.
Who would go up to that ruin of swinging ship's wreckage
To clear what had jammed? Then Tinsley, the eldest apprentice,
Went up the weather fore-rigging as high as the cross-trees
And cleared what had jammed, dodging Death as he groped in
the dark.

Then, as he came from aloft, heavy gear, swinging blindly,
Battered him senseless to deck: he was taken below.
Then, sunken waist-deep at the rope, all the rest, singing "Ho!"
Hoisted the staysail, which scattered to rags as they hoisted.

For now the full fury of tempest was smiting them sore,
Heaving the gasketted sails into tattering ribbons,
And streaming all ropes out to leeward like pennons of pride.
Over the shriek of the gale and the roar of the billows
Beat the continual death-drum of iron sheets smiting;
Chain sheets and blocks smiting masts as a riveter hammers,
And blocks broken loose from the upper spars hitting the poop.
The ship was not under control: she was labouring hard.
Then, as she laboured, her high maintopgallant mast parted,
Snappt at the cap, like the fore, and collapsed in its rigging,
Down crashing with royal and skysail to ruin the crane
And gear of the main topsail-yards, bending iron like clay.
Crashing, the mighty spars fell to the length of their tether
To swingle aloft in the rigging and smash all they met.
Green water broke darkly aboard, for no canvas was set.

Now panic came over the seamen, who scattered below
To hide under bunks in the fo'c'sles, in nooks, behind chests,
Anywhere sheltered and dark to be out of the danger.
The mates in the full flooded fo'c'sles pursuing the men

Dragged them from hiding on deck, but they fled back to hiding:
For men upon deck saw the terrible pendulums swing,
All the wrèckt spars swinging over like devils destroying,
Ripping their canvas to ribbons and suddenly stopping
Smash, at the end of a roll, shaking all the ship's fabric.
Those swinging destructions brought terror to all but the best.

Then, as George Currie stood, letting off blue lights, amidships,
Hoping some steamer might see them and come with assistance,
The swinging main skysail swoopt over and struck on his head.
Men laid him, still breathing, full length on the table below,
Where Tinsley lay senseless with five other suffering men.
Then down came the mizen topgallant, snappt short like the
main.

There lay the *Wanderer* helpless, sea-beaten, sail-tattered,
All three topgallant masts broken and swinging aloft still
Raining down pennants and blocks as they tore off in rolling,
Her spanker gaff vanisht, her jiggermast bent with the strain,
Her captain unconscious, six seamen disabled from wounds,
Half the rest drunken or mutinous, hiding below deck,
The ship heading hither and yonder hove-to with a cloth,
Beaten rail-under by tempest and deluged by billows,
Her mate lighting blue lights and rockets in sign of distress.
The Codling Bank Light showing danger to leeward and near.

Just as the middle watch ended, her signals were answered;
The small coasting steamer, *Merannio,* offered her help,
And lay by with signals and waited for morning to dawn.

Soon after this hailing, the *Wanderer's* captain, George Currie,
Died on the table below; he was known among seamen
As one at his best in a gale driving on under sail;
As learned moreover; a perfect sea captain; and kind;
Strict, never swearing; a trainer of many fine sailors.
Death, and his comrade the sea, took him into their quiet.

When morning from wind-harried heaven showed wind-
shattered sea
The steamer drew nearer attempting to take her in tow,
She hove up to windward and fired her rockets with lines,
But time after time, ere the hawsers were fast for the tow,
The *Wanderer's* sheerline bowed into the run of the sea,
And lipped up the living green water, and rising, deep filled,
Streamed with bright water and plunged, snapping hawsers like
pack thread.
They laboured all morning while slowly the tempest blew by.

At last, when the hawser was passed, the *Merannio* moved
Westwards, to tow her to Kingstown, and heaven's face altered
And sunlight came squally with showers of violent rain

And blue sky grew brighter and seagulls adventured to sea.
At moonrise the tug *Flying Spear* helped the towing up-tide
By moonlight next morning they moored her and made her
secure.

And morning came quietly in upon sandals of peace,
The maiden-eyed morning who wakens the birds in the dew.
With grayness in heaven, and silver in streaks on the sea,
She came to that harbour of rest where the *Wanderer* lay
And shone on her ruin all scurfing with patches of salt
Till shadows of beauty were tranquilly stirred at her side.

And weary-eyed men came on deck in the peace of the dawn;
All softly they laboured, all silent, as men in a dream,
As men in a snow in the winter, that muffles all noise.

As gently as rain in the summer those sea-beaten men
Blest her with service, securing the wreckage aloft
And mutely removing the ruin that tempest had wrought.
So dumbly, with depth of devotion will men serve a queen
Whose crown has been lost in a battle, whose beauty remains,
Who rules still by beauty, wherever her crown may have faln.

So hushtly, not speaking, in fear they should waken the hurt,
They tiptoed from cleansing to coiling till all was achieved,

They then crept below upon tip-toe, not liking to speak.
The smoke from the gallery went peacefully up to the sky.

* * *

Not all was accomplisht, for Shearer went aft with the boys
And hoisted her colours half-mast to the shattered masthead;
Then all day in silence they kept seaman's watch by the dead,
With tears for the captain laid dead there, with prayer for his
peace.

THE *WANDERER* AT KINGSTOWN, 1891
from a photograph lent by MESSRS. BATESON

The storm was by much the worst known in the Channel since the great storm of 1863. There were many shipping casualties along our coasts. On the day of the *Wanderer's* disaster, two hundred ships sheltered in Holyhead and five big sailing ships put back into Liverpool.

It is said that the *Wrestler* just managed to reach Holyhead, where she reported "leaving the *Wanderer* at 7.30 p.m. off South Arklow." At midnight on the 20th she brought the *R. D. Rice* into Holyhead: she then proceeded to Kingstown to fetch the *Wanderer* home.

The *Wanderer* in her shattered condition of wreck aloft was berthed close to the East Pier at Kingstown. She was by much the biggest and most splendid ship that had ever lain there. Her sudden and splendid appearance in all the misery of her wreck drew large numbers of people to the dock to see her.

The Coroner of South Dublin did not consider it necessary to hold an inquest on Captain Currie, whose body was taken ashore, attended by the ship's officers and apprentices, and buried in the Protestant cemetery at Mount Jerome. He is still remembered among old sailors as a very fine man and seaman. Those who served under him never mention him without praise.

The ship was surveyed for damage where she lay at anchor. Her decks and hull were sound. Her fore, main and mizen topgallant masts with all their yards were gone; her spanker gaff was gone; her jigger mast head was damaged; most of her sails were

blown to rags; her rigging was loose and some of it carried away. The worst damage had been done on the starboard (the lee) side of the bridge, about the main-rigging. Nine of her fourteen main chain-plates had been broken or bent. Flying wreck had smashed parts of the chart-house and saloon skylight. The bridge-rail had been carried away. The bulwark plating on the starboard side of the bridge house was sprung; the fastenings of the fair leads for the chains of the steering gear on the after end of the bridge were carried away. Yards and fittings aloft were badly damaged. The rudder, the boats and the anchors were unharmed.

The *Wanderer* remained for three and a half days in Kingstown, while her crew, under George Shearer, set up her rigging temporarily, and bent some new lower staysails in place of those blown away.

At 8.15 in the evening of Friday the 23rd October, the tug *Wrestler* took her in tow at Kingstown and proceeded with her towards Liverpool, dropping her pilot at 9.30 p.m. At 10.50 p.m., the ship's heel touched upon the Burford Mudbank in 3½ fathoms water, and her head fell off to starboard. The tug came round to her port quarter and swung her off the mud into the fairway. The ship was not strained, and her rudder was unharmed. They sounded the wells and proceeded. She reached the Mersey in the evening of the 24th, but could not dock, owing to fog.

In the morning of Sunday, the 25th October, in fine bright weather, she left her anchorage, an image of such glory and

THE *WANDERER* IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR, OCTOBER, 1891
from a photograph lent by MESSRS. BATESON

beauty in desolation as I shall never forget. Her broken spars had been secured in the swifters of the lower rigging. The rags of her sails fluttering from her yards gleamed in the sun. I have seen much beauty, but she was the most beautiful thing. She was so splendid, and so distresst: she was also moving as though she were alive. She docked in the Queen's Dock, a heart-rending sight to all, from the broken glory aloft and the blood of her dead and wounded below.

She was re-surveyed for damage the next morning, when it was found that the main upper topsail yard had been bent and its parrel broken, and the crane of the main lower topsail yard smashed across. These yards had to come down, and a new upper topsail yard fitted. Three new topgallant masts and seven new yards had to be sent aloft. The jigger-mast was unstepped, its topmast straightened, and the mast refitted. The starboard iron bulwark on the bridge had to be repaired, and a new teak rail fitted on that side. Nine of the starboard main chain plates had to be renewed. Twenty-four planks of the bridge deck and three of the main deck abaft the mizen mast had to be replaced. The chart-house and skylights were repaired. Most of the standing rigging below the topmast heads had to be reserved and much of it refitted. All the standing rigging above the topmasts had to be renewed. Six sails were renewed: the others could be repaired. About half of the total running rigging had to be replaced. The topsides and the bulwarks had to be repainted.

It had been thought on board that the topgallant masts had

fallen through some defect of the new wire backstays at the mast-heads. The shore surveyors thought that the lanyard screws had slacked back, so as to shear through the small wire ropes passed through the screw-barrels, and that then the backstays had drawn. In the resetting of the rigging the screws were secured by two 1 ¾ inch wire ropes passed through double eyes at each barrel. The *Wanderer* was to go through some severe tests and one exceptional test in the course of her career, but only lost one other spar.

Mr. Potter was inclined to think that the *Wanderer* had been over-masted. He caused the new fore topgallant mast to be shorter than the first and did not again cross a fore skysail yard. He is said to have shortened the new main topgallant mast by six, eight or twelve feet: various measurements are given, but some think that this was because there was no spar to be had in Liverpool so long as the old one. After the refitting, she was still a magnificent ship, but sailors were proud of being in lofty ships, and liked their skysail yards. Some of the Wanderers felt that the loss of the fore skysail and the shortening of the main skysail pole had taken from the ship's appearance.

Most of the original crew were paid off on the 29th October: the rest (fourteen in all) stayed by her till the 16th November. It was thought that Mr. Shearer would be given the command of the ship, but he was seriously ill as the result of the disastrous voyage and was unable to go to sea for many weeks to come. He

THE *WANDERER* IN SALTHOUSE DOCK, LIVERPOOL, 1891

from a photograph lent by MR. J. ROBERTS

never again went to sea in a sailing ship. He was soon given the command of a steamer. He had the name of a fine and fearless seaman: those who sailed with him cherish his memory.

Captain John Brander was at that time in Liverpool. He had first gone to sea from the Salthouse Dock, in May, 1861, in the full-rigged ship *Valdivia,* which crossed a main skysail yard eighteen feet long, although she was only of 395 tons. She was owned by Messrs. Nicholson & Macgill in the then thriving China trade. He had been an officer in the *Sagar, Calypso, Bolivia* and *Benmore,* and master of the *Casa Blanca, Oriente, Kylemore* and *St. Magnus.* He had at that time newly arrived in Liverpool from Buchapero, in Southern Chili, where his ship, the *St. Magnus,* owned by Messrs. Rankin & Gilmour, of South Castle Street, had been wrecked in a Norther, and himself nearly killed. His owners recommended him to go to Mr. Potter "to ask for the command of that fine new ship of theirs in the Queen's Dock." On going down to Mr. Potter, he was given the command of the *Wanderer,* then lying in the Queen's Dock, almost ready for sea. Mr. Potter took Captain Brander to the further side of the Dock so that he might have a good look at the ship. "There," he said, "Do you think that that ship's over-masted?" Captain Brander said, "No, I don't think she is."

Most of the sailors who knew the *Wanderer* felt that she was stiff enough to stand far more sail than her generous plan provided.

Captain - - -	JOHN BRANDER
Chief Mate - -	C. KAIN
Second Mate - -	THOMAS BAKER
Third Mate - -	D. JONES
Boatswain - -	D. LOUGHRAN

The four apprentices were those who had been in her from the first. She carried the same steward, a lame Maltese, and the same negro cook.

Sailed from Liverpool, 21st November, 1891, with coal.
Arrived San Francisco, 14th March, 1892.
Lay at Saucelito for a time.
Sailed from San Francisco, 18th August, 1892, with wheat.
Arrived Queenstown, 6th December, 1892.
Lay in Monkstown Bay for a time.
Left Queenstown, 25th January, 1893.
Arrived at Liverpool, 28th January, 1893.

On her first putting-forth on this voyage, the well-known Liverpool tug, the *Sarah Jolliffe,* J. D. Ryan, Master, took her down the Irish Sea, and left her off the Tuskar at half-past ten the next night, in light, fine northerly weather.

Her disastrous first sailing, and the fact that she had killed her captain, had given her a bad name. Many superstitious seafaring people said that she would come to no good at sea, and that if she ever reacht San Francisco it would be by miracle after some fresh disaster. However, she made a good passage of 113 days from the Tuskar to the Golden Gate; the average passage being 130 days. It was the fastest passage with the exception of

CAPTAIN JOHN BRANDER

that of the *Alcedo,* 104 days, made during that Cape Horn summer.

During this voyage, the crew came to believe that the ship was haunted by the ghost of Captain Currie. The sailors were perhaps quite ready to believe this, for the tale of the Captain's death had made a deep impression among Liverpool sea-faring men. The apprentices did much to spread the belief by working on the nerves of an unpopular sailor. When this man was alone, on look-out, on the forecastle-head, they used to creep underneath him and smite three knocks with a handspike below his feet. Once, by wasting a great many phosphorous matches, one of the boys made his face and hands luminous, and crept into the forecastle in the dark as a spirit. Most of the crew left the ship in San Francisco: those who joined her later were less prone to belief. The eldest apprentice was promoted to be third mate, and the other three grew older. I have not heard that men thought the ship haunted after this first voyage.

While the *Wanderer* was at sea, about one thousand miles from the Golden Gate, all hands on board had reason to believe that her cargo of coal was on fire. The 'tween-decks was insufferably hot and daily growing hotter. However, the ship was made beautiful for her entry into port, and came in like a queen and anchored. The next day the sailmaker, working in the forward 'tween-decks, gave the alarm of the ship being on fire. When the forehatch was lifted he saw wisps of smoke rise. On the alarm

being given, the ship was tested for fire. A drill was sent down into the coal at the main hatch: it came up red-hot. The ship was moved to the Green Street Wharf to have the benefit of fire engines. When some of the upper coal was shifted, flames burst out. "The men dropped their shovels and fled, but Captain Brander induced them to return." They worked thenceforward to clear the coal from the seat of the fire. "Many of the tubs came up with the coal in them red-hot." The 16th and 17th March were spent in flooding the hold. Black smoke poured from the ship's hatches; men worked night and day in intense heat, while a great crowd watched from the shore, expecting an explosion and a rush of flames up the main and mizen riggings. Captain Brander remained on deck until the fire was declared out.

After discharging the coal the ship lay for some time at Saucelito, where she stranded on the mud, without suffering much damage. While lying there, a man fell overboard from the main topsail yard, but was picked up none the worse. Later on, a man fell from the jigger truck to the deck. He broke his fall upon a teak spreader which Captain Brander had caused to be fitted some days before. He broke the spreader, and fell to the deck with it, fracturing both his legs, but being otherwise unhurt. But for the spreader he must have been killed.

The day after sailing from San Francisco, a newly shipped seaman, who had been a nuisance from the first, refused to obey any orders, became most violent, used abusive and threatening

THE *WANDERER* IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR, 1892

from a photograph lent by one of the crew

language, and finally jumped overboard. The ship was then almost becalmed, so that he was not left astern. After he had swum for some time and was judged to be cooler, he was told to come on board. He replied that he was going to swim home. However, when he wearied of this plan, he returned to the ship's side, where a man flung a bowline to him. He refused to use the bowline, and demanded that the crew should hoist him up. "He was only rescued with much difficulty."

Two days later, in the first dog-watch of the 22nd, a man named Robert Jackson, from Yorkshire, aged 22, fell overboard and was never seen again. He was at work outboard in the starboard main chains (somewhat above them) stopping up the heavy running gear to the swifters. It was supposed that he was using both hands to tie his rope yarn stop, and that the stop broke, causing him to lose his balance, fall backwards, and strike his head in falling. A buoy was flung to him (which marked the sea) and the ship was brought to the wind and a boat lowered. His cap and the lifebuoy were picked up, but the man was gone.

The ship made a good average passage home to Queenstown. She was among drift ice and bergs for four or five days after rounding the Horn, without receiving damage. She showed herself extraordinarily handy and swift in light airs, and was strong enough to be driven in a full gale. She anchored in Monkstown Bay, Queenstown, after a good, average passage of 110 days. The seaman who had jumped overboard and refused duty, whom

the mate considered "a rowdy and a consummate scoundrel" was sent to prison for six weeks. A mutinous Scandinavian sailor who had given some trouble was fined fifty shillings and paid off.

After lying for some weeks in Queenstown, the ship was towed to Liverpool, her cargo discharged, and an examination made lest her stranding and the fire should have damaged her. It was found that she had been "panting" right aft in the lower hold, and that some of her beams were twisted from the heat of the fire. She was stiffened aft with web frames, and the damaged beams were made good.

The Second Voyage

Captain - - -	JOHN BRANDER
Chief Mate - -	C. KAIN
Second Mate - -	THOMAS BECKER
Third Mate - -	RICHARD TINSLEY

Sailed from Liverpool, 10th May, 1893. In ballast, with 1,637 tons of general cargo.

Arrived Philadelphia, 8th June. Discharged ballast at Port Richmond. When empty, she was examined by some American ship designers, who were much impressed by the strength and beauty of her construction.

Shifted to Port Breeze, 14th July.

Left Philadelphia, 29th July.

Arrived Budge Budge, 24th November.

Towed to Calcutta, 9th January, 1894.

Left Calcutta, 12th February.

Arrived Dundee, 8th June.

On this voyage, the tug *Pathfinder* took the *Wanderer* from the Queen's Dock down the Channel. The ship made a good passage across the Atlantic, with only one incident of note. On the 23rd of May, while off the Banks, a man who was painting the mizen royal yard fell from it to the deck. This took place in wet weather when all who were painting aloft were wearing oilskins. The men attributed the fall to the fact that the man who fell was wearing oilskins. They complained to the captain that it was not fair to be put to dangerous work in oilskins, and that it was not of much use to do painting in the rain. As the captain disagreed, there was some disturbance, an axe was flung, and

two men were put in irons. The man who fell from aloft was back at his duty unharmed three days later.

In the Delaware River the *Wanderer* met with another mishap. After discharging her ballast at the Port Richmond Coal Piers, the ship had to be shifted to Point Breeze to load case oil. About 4.30 p.m. on Friday the 14th July, she was taken in tow by two tugs, the *Samuel McAulley* and *Eva McAulley,* one alongside, one ahead. There was a strong ebb tide and a stiff north-easterly breeze blowing. As the *Wanderer* was more than half-empty and likely to be a difficult tow Captain Brander asked the tug captain if his tugs would hold her. "Hold her?" the captain said, "Yes, they'll hold creation." The *Wanderer* was given extra stability, in the American fashion, by lashing old wooden lower-masts alongside her, on both sides, at the water-line. The tugs then proceeded with her into the Delaware.

As they got well under way, the tugs had to change course to avoid a ship backing out into the stream ahead of them. This brought the *Wanderer's* port broadside against the wind and tide: she instantly took a sheer, snapt her hawsers, and swept down stream, with one of the tugs alongside, into Pier No. 22, Willow Street Wharf. This pier was piled with empty casks. The *Wanderer* drove the tug into the pier, and scattered the pile of casks in all directions: the tug's crew jumped ashore as she struck. The *Wanderer* dragged past Pier 22, went on into Pier 23, struck it, and went past it towards the Vine Street Dock,

THE *WANDERER* IN QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR, 1892

from a photograph lent by CAPTAIN JOHN BRANDER

where the ferry boat, *Cooper's Point,* was taking in passengers for Camden. Some men in the police tug, *Stockley,* then lying near the wharf, shouted to the passengers to jump clear. The passengers scrambled for the shore, but before many had landed the *Wanderer's* bows went into the *Cooper's Point,* cut through the strong plank fenders at her port side, holed her, smashed up her superstructure, cleared her upper deck, and "squeezed her funnel out." Some people and horses were knocked down: two ladies and a man were slightly hurt. The *Wanderer* was checked by the collision, her stern swung round with the ebb, she took a sternboard and damaged her rudder, bending all the pintles and smashing a gudgeon. She was then brought up and taken to Point Breeze.

The *Cooper's Point* had to be docked. It cost seven thousand dollars to repair her and the damaged tug.

At Point Breeze, the *Wanderer* repaired her rudder, and took in 118,260 cases of oil. She sailed for Calcutta.

There had been two other big sailing ships in Philadelphia at that time, the *Glencaird,* Captain English, 2,418 tons, and the *Osborne,* Captain Scott, 2,986 tons, both four-masted British barques. These, and the *Wanderer,* were said to be the three biggest sailing ships that had ever entered Philadelphia. As all three were loading for Calcutta, a journalist invented the story that they were going to race each other, from the Delaware Capes to the Bengal pilot, "for a bag of five hundred gold dollars

contributed by the three captains." This story is untrue: there was no race, nor any bag of gold dollars. The *Glencaird* sailed on 19th July and arrived on 11th November, 114 days; the *Wanderer* sailed on the 29th July and arrived on the 24th November, 117 days (115 to tug); and the *Osborne* sailed on 16th August and arrived on 7th December, 113 days. There was very little to choose between them.

On Friday, the 18th August, the *Wanderer* came into what seems to have been the lower right-hand quadrant of a hurricane. The wind, which had been blowing fresh with squalls, increased during the afternoon and carried away the foretopsail sheet, which was repaired. By ten o'clock at night it was blowing so hard that the ship was shortened down, and the mizen topsail handed. While the men were on the mizen topsail yard, the lower topsail blew away, and two jibs and the main topmast staysail were torn out of their gaskets and ruined. She shipped much water throughout. One big sea came aboard forward, knocked the roof and bottom off the pigsty, and shook up the solitary pig. On the 22nd, it blew fresh from the north west, and the *Wanderer* ran before it under lower topsails and foresail. While running, her foresail split and a heavy sea broke aboard, washing the watch about the decks. It took one man of the watch, washed him to the spare spars, lifted the spars in their lashings so that the man's head came underneath them, and then, gently retreating, letting the spars down upon him, left

CAPTAIN BRANDER AND SOME OF HIS CREW, SAN FRANCISCO, 1891-2

from a photograph lent by CAPTAIN BRANDER

him pinned there by the head so that the rest of the watch had difficulty in releasing him. He was not hurt, but ran some risk of being drowned before the spars could be lifted.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful. They sighted Tristan da Cunha on the 21st September; passed several large icebergs on 26th September (in latitude 39° 24′ South); met the *Dalhousie* tug on 22nd November, and moored at Budge Budge two days later. After discharging there the ship was towed to Calcutta, to load jute for Dundee. She sailed, with 22,870 bales of jute on board, and arrived on the 117th day.

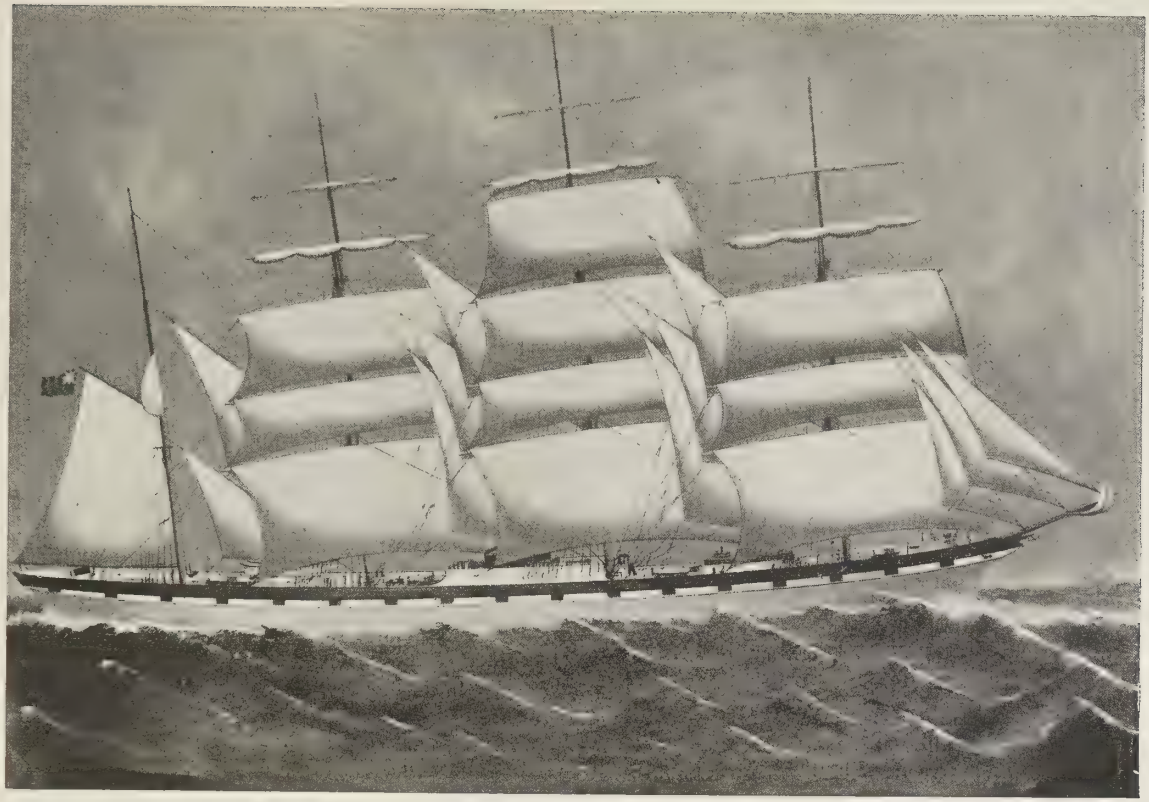
Captain - - -	JOHN BRANDER
Chief Mate - -	CHARLES KAIN
Second Mate - -	JOHN SINCLAIR

Left Dundee, 7th July, 1894, in ballast.
Arrived Barrow.
Left Barrow, 6th August, with rails.
Arrived Calcutta, 28th November.
Left Calcutta, 24th February, 1895, with jute.
Arrived Dundee, 18th June.
Left Dundee, 9th July, in ballast.
Arrived Liverpool, 16th July.

During the voyage to Calcutta the cargo of iron rails shifted. As Captain Brander described it, "the movement of the rails in the hold made music like the sound of a thousand Æolian harps."

After this, in Calcutta, the Captain was warned that one of the native ship-surveyors was in league with a firm of ship-repairers. Going suddenly below while the ship was at her moorings the Captain caught this surveyor trying to create a little job of ship-repairing by smiting the flange of a beam with a maul.

Of the 22,820 bales of jute loaded at Calcutta not one was landed at Dundee in a broken condition. This was believed at the time to be a record. "It is understood that the Captain is to be suitably rewarded by the Consignee."



From the painting owned by CAPTAIN JOHN BRANDER
(*painted from the sail-plan*, 1893)

FIRST HALF

Captain - - - JOHN BRANDER
Chief Mate - - J. W. WILLOUGHBY
Second Mate - - JOHN SINCLAIR

Left Liverpool, 26th August, 1895, with 4,133 tons of salt, 270 tons of ballast.
Arrived Chittagong, 20th December.
Left Chittagong, 17th March, 1896.
Arrived Calcutta, 20th March.
Left Calcutta, 2nd May, with jute.
Arrived Philadelphia, 22nd September.

During this voyage, the *Wanderer* suffered the severest test she ever had at sea. On the 11th of December a cyclone passed over her in the Bay of Bengal.

December is late in the cyclone season there, though a few bad storms are recorded for that month. This particular storm is recorded in the Indian Daily Weather Reports from the observations at shore stations only.

That of 10th December shows a Low near the centre of the Bay; and the following remark—"This depression has intensified somewhat during the last twenty-four hours, while it has continued to progress towards the upper part of the Bay."

11th December. Cyclonic depression clearly shown on weather map, centred north west of Chittagong; and the remark occurs—"The storm appears to have intensified considerably during the past twenty-four hours, and to have travelled along a curved path

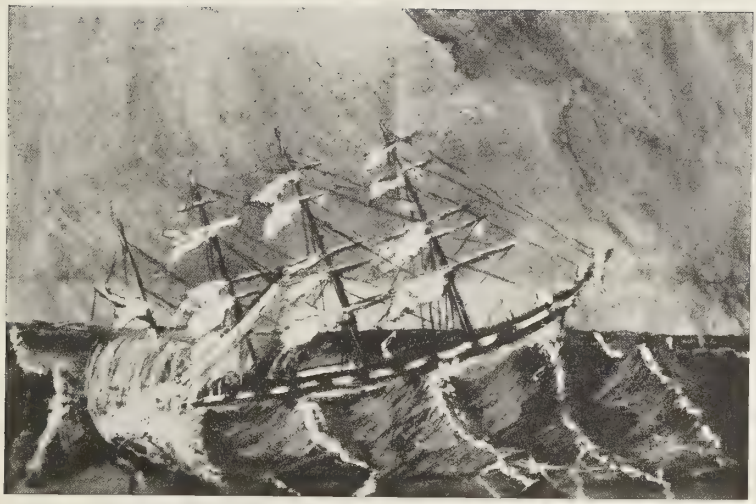
which has led it to the north east of the Bay. The centre apparently struck the Chittagong coast at about 8 a.m. this morning. The storm is of moderate intensity, and has given fresh to strong winds or moderate gales over the north of the Bay, and heavy to moderate rain to Burma, East Bengal and Assam."

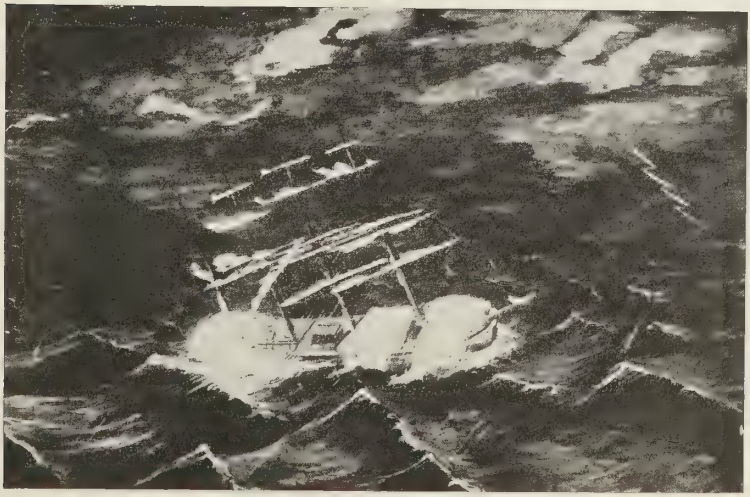
On 12th December the following remark appears—"The cyclonic storm which lay near Chittagong yesterday has wholly disappeared, and has been succeeded by a recovery of pressure which has been very rapid over Bengal and Cochar, and has been brisk to rapid over a very large part of the whole Indian region."

There is also the brief report in Lloyds' Weekly Index, from a cable dated Calcutta, December 11th, 2.16 p.m.—"Day Signal No. 5 has been hoisted. This indicates the existence of a cyclone of small extent, which will probably reach and cross the coast of the bay, south of a line joining Chittagong and False Point."

I have not been able to find any Meteorological Log from a ship in the Bay during the storm. The experience of the *Wanderer* has been told to me by three who were on board her at the time. All three are agreed that no words can describe the fury of the storm, the power of the wind and the madness of the sea. All three are men who have passed long lives at sea; to each of them this brief storm stands out as by far the most terrible weather he ever knew: "nothing like it," "nothing to be mentioned in the same day with it."

This storm was preceded by a day of falling barometer, with





IN A CYCLONE, BAY OF BENGAL

from the drawings owned by CAPTAIN BRANDER

baffling winds and heavy rain. Captain Brander foreseeing an unusual storm sent his skysail yard down from aloft, snugged the ship down to upper topsails, double-gasketted all sails, stowed his mainsail and crossjack, and bent three lower storm-staysails and a storm spanker.

On the morning of the 11th, the ship was beating slowly ahead on the starboard tack in a full gale, with overcast sky, heavy rain, and a falling barometer. At 7 a.m., as the gusts were increasing in violence, all hands were called to take in the three upper topsails and reef the foresail. When she had been snugged down Captain Brander wore ship to the port tack, judging that as the wind-shift was from east towards north, he was in the left-hand semi-circle of the storm. He had hardly brought her to the new tack when the wind increased to an extreme of violence and every sail that was set was blown to tatters.

Captain Brander hove her to and divided his crew into three parts, putting some forward in the galley, some in the central wheel-house and the rest aft with himself under the whaleback.

Soon after he had taken his position, Captain Brander sent the seaman (now Captain) John Mackay, with Mr. Sinclair and the carpenter to fetch axes from the chart-house in case he should have to cut away the masts. With great difficulty they reached the chart-house, where they noticed that the barometer was at 28·12 inches and still falling. They took the axes and contrived to return to the whaleback, where they stayed.

Nothing more could be done, for it was now blowing a hurricane, the sea and sky seemed to meet and blend, it became pitch dark, so that a man was invisible a few feet away: the sea rose and burst over the ship as if she were a half-tide rock; and no man could hear himself shouting. No man there had ever dreamed it possible that there could be such wind. Captain Brander had been more than twenty times round the Horn to the westward and had never known anything like this.

From 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. the storm beat and tosst them with such violence that all hands were more or less injured. All agreed that few ships could have taken such punishment and survived. Some felt that the only thing which saved her was the fact that her decks were always full of water, so that no big sea sweeping her could strike her fairly and stave in her hatches. The sea was the usual confused cyclonic sea, coming in over the bows and running aft and coming in over the stern and going forward. The ship behaved superbly, she came up to the wind-shifts and stood what few ships have stood.

Just before 2 p.m., Captain Brander, at great risk, went forward to the bridge. In a glimmering of light he saw the ship full to her rails fore and aft, and the lifts of the lower yards breaking. While he was wondering what would happen when the lower yards fell, there came a gust worse than anything that had gone before it, and a flash of lightning travelled down the mainmast

THE END OF THE CYCLONE

from drawing owned by CAPTAIN BRANDER

conductor "and simply made a hole in the water large enough to put a boat in."

Soon after 2 p.m. the wind moderated, the darkness, that had been intense for six hours, cleared, and the sun shone. This was a relief to all hands, but no great relief to the ship, for a terrible cross sea still ran from every direction. Nothing could be done about decks with such a sea running. Captain Brander gathered all hands on to the bridge, where they passed the night lying on deck alongside the chart-room.

At daybreak next morning all hands turned to, to take stock and repair damage. No man there had ever seen a ship in such a plight.

All her starboard bulwarks from the poop to the whaleback were torn loose, with most of their stanchions broken, or wrenched clean out from the deck. The loosened seams of the deck-planks had let in water. There was more than three feet of water in her lower hold. The first thing to be done was to get the donkey-engine to work to pump her clear.

Every shred of canvas aloft had been blown from the yards into little tattered strips a few inches long. Many of these strips had been blown athwart standing rigging, wrapped round and knotted onto it and then beaten so hard by the wind's fury that each piece was like bone, and could only be cut away with considerable effort. All the standing rigging needed setting up, practically all the running rigging was destroyed. All hands

turned to, secured the rigging, and got sail upon her. On the 20th of December the ship reached Chittagong, where her salt was discharged.

On the 17th March, 1896, she towed to Calcutta, arriving on the 20th March.

In Calcutta, as she was loading jute, she lost two seamen, one dying from heat apoplexy, the other from cholera. Four of her crew, who absented themselves without leave, received ten days' imprisonment, and three of these four, who on experiment preferred the jail to working on board, were afterwards each sentenced to fifteen days' "rigorous imprisonment," with costs. The ship left Calcutta on the 2nd May, bound for Philadelphia. Provisions ran short, so that she had to put into St. Helena for bread and stores. She arrived in Philadelphia on the 22nd September.

Captain Brander and the second mate, Mr. Sinclair, both left the *Wanderer* in Philadelphia.

SECOND HALF

Captain - - - T. S. TUPMAN, late of the *Seafarer*
Chief Mate - - J. W. WILLOUGHBY
Second Mate - - ALEXANDER JONES

Left Philadelphia, 19th November, 1896, with 118,200 cases of oil.
Arrived Hiogo, 31st March, 1897.
Left Hiogo, 15th August, in ballast.
Arrived Tacoma, 14th September.
Left Tacoma, 18th November, with wheat.
Arrived off Dunkirk, 10th April, 1898.

At Dunkirk, she again took charge of her tug, and stranded on the shallow sands five or six hundred yards to the west of the entrance to the harbour. It blew hard during the day so that men feared for her, but at the night's flood she was refloated, without damage. On trying to enter the port the next morning, she took the ground again, this time to the east of the jetties, so heavily that it was thought that she would not get off without stripping her masts and lightening her of cargo. Lighters were brought alongside and the grain was discharged into them, whenever weather permitted. Her head lay S.S.W., the East Pier bearing from her W. × S., one-third of a mile. She had four feet of water alongside at low tide, so that she could not discharge the grain into carts.

In a freshening of the wind she was driven further up onto the sand, and somewhat strained. It was reported that water had got into her, and that much of her cargo would be ruined. This

proved to be a false alarm. A second anchor was laid out from her, and over seven hundred tons of grain discharged. The cables and hawsers were hove upon at each high tide, and the grain was worked night and day. On the 16th of April, with all hands heaving, and two tugs towing, she came off the sand, not much the worse for wear, and was docked.

Having discharged her grain, she towed to Liverpool in ballast for repairs. She reached Liverpool on the 19th May, 1898, having been nearly thirty-two months away.

Although she had been stranded in weather which would have ruined a weaker ship, it was found that she was not badly damaged. There were six slightly strained butts on each side to be recaulked, and fifty rivets on her port bilge strake to be renewed. Seven hold pillars and two hold ladders had been bent, probably by the shifting of the grain against them. Some planks in her deck had to be renewed; and there were cracks in the cement in waterways, bridge deck and forecastle head. All her standing rigging was in good order; it was, however, re-served, re-parcelled and refitted over new bolsters; the doubling plates of her topmasts were renewed; her upper topsail parrels were repaired; a new fore topgallant yard of pitch pine was sent aloft (the old had decayed); and internal compensations were added below, a channel bar on the top of the main deck plating, and an intercostal plate under the deck, on both sides, in the way of the ends of the bridge house.

The Fifth Voyage

Captain - - -	T. S. TUPMAN
Chief Mate - -	J. W. WILLOUGHBY
Second Mate - -	ALEXANDER JONES
Third Mate - -	E. WESTLAKE

Left Liverpool, 18th June, 1898 (*Blackcock* tug).
Arrived Dunkirk, 22nd June.
Sailed from Dunkirk, 8th July, with chalk.
Arrived Philadelphia, 15th August.
Left Philadelphia, 30th September, with oil.
Arrived Bombay, 22nd January, 1899.—114-115 days out.
Called at Madras for orders, proceeded to Calcutta.
Mr. J. W. Willoughby left the ship in Calcutta, 9th June, 1899.
Mr. E. Westlake was then promoted to be second mate.
Left Calcutta, 26th June, with 5,000 tons of linseed in bags.
Arrived Dunkirk, 31st October.—127 days out.
Left Dunkirk, 1st December, with chalk.
Arrived New York, 13th January, 1900.
Left New York, 28th February, 1900, with 118,837 cases of oil.
Arrived Shanghai, 17th July.
Left Shanghai, 15th August, in ballast.
Arrived Tacoma, 24th September.
Left Tacoma, 13th October, with wheat.
Arrived Bristol, 18th March, 1901.

While in Dunkirk, loading chalk, in the hot summer weather, one of the *Wanderer's* apprentices used to dive from the foreyard into the dock, to amuse the people gathered in the Park ashore. It is thought that the dock water gave him the typhoid fever with which he was afterwards sent to hospital. He rejoined the ship later at Philadelphia.

"After a long passage of gales, calms, head winds and fair winds we arrived at Bombay. After discharging our case oil into dhows . . . we had all kinds of weather going around to Madras for orders . . . and up-stick for Calcutta, to Hastings Moorings, where we wriggled in and out among a crowd of windbags moored fore and aft, to buoyed anchors. While in Calcutta (it being the beginning of the cyclone season) all ships had orders to send down skysail and royal yards. As there were plenty of ships, we all tried to see who could get theirs down first.

We left Calcutta and had all kinds of weather to be found on a long passage. All went well, until an old sailor we had (of the name of Addison) took sick and died; of old age, we thought. He was buried at sea. Between the Cape of Good Hope and Ascension Island, another man took sick and died, of what the Captain thought was eating diabetes. The man, a Russian Finn, was locked in a room in the cabin, and fed on soft foods, as a cure, but one night he smashed the lock on the door and sneaked into the forecastle, the watch below being asleep, got the bread-barge (box with biscuits) and a kid of pea-soup, ate too much, and was found dead by the watch on deck, between 3 and 4 in the morning.

Then the trouble started, the men muttered and talked, waiting for the cock of the forecastle, a sea-lawyer, to head them. He did, and bye and bye the Captain was accused of starving both men to death.

THE *WANDERER* UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL

from the painting (owned by CAPTAIN DEANE*) made by a Chinaman for* MR. WILLOUGHBY

(In Calcutta, the men had had their fun, getting drunk and being absent without leave, so they had been logged, and felt bitter towards the Old Man.)

That morning, a charge was written on a sheet of paper, and twenty-four men signed it (all the fore-mast hands), this paper to be handed to the British Consul on arrival. We all worried, especially the Old Man, as he said to the Mate, myself, Carpenter, Boatswain, Sailmaker and Donkeyman, 'We are only seven against twenty-four, and the Authorities will most likely believe the many.'

The voyage continued with the usual ups and downs, bad and good weather, until we arrived at Dunkirk, where we awaited events.

We did not pay off until next day, so the sailors went ashore, borrowed money and went on a burst, got fighting drunk and went to the Consulate, made such a row, all speaking at once, that the Consul sent for the gendarmes and had them thrown out.

Next day we paid off, but the Consul would not allow the sailors in until we seven had been sworn in and questioned, then paid off. The sailors, having to wait, got tired and, when taken inside, had to listen to a lecture given by the Consul, took their money and left for Sailor-Town and its delights. The Old Man was exonerated from all blame, extracts were taken from the log-book and recorded."

On her arrival at Dunkirk (in October, 1899), Mr. James and Mr. Westlake left the ship. Mr. A. J. Fox became her Chief Mate, and Mr. R. Nicholas her Second Mate. It must have been at this time that the external painting of the ship was altered. Until then, she had always been painted with a tier of ports between two straiks of black, and French gray below the lower straik of black, which had varied in depth from time to time. She was now painted gray externally, and remained so to the end. It is not known why the change was made. The sailors who knew her are agreed that the change was for the worse and took much from her appearance.

On leaving Dunkirk, she met with westerly gales and made a poor passage. On Christmas Day, her cargo shifted, her hatches had to be opened, and all hands had to get down to trim the chalk. The next day, Captain Tupman fell down one of the hatches into the lower hold, breaking a leg and ribs. The ship arrived in New York in a blizzard nearly three weeks later: Captain Tupman was then taken to hospital.

The ship discharged her chalk in the Erie Basin, and loaded case-oil at the Standard Oil Company's wharf at Bayonne, in New York harbour. While she lay here, Captain John McMullan, "one of the kindest of men," who had come out from England to take her, assumed command.

The *Wanderer* left New York in bitter cold, with much ice at the mouth of the harbour. Not very much happened on the

voyage. On St. Patrick's Day, the crew decorated the two pigs with pink ribbons. On 19th May, in Lat. 34° 22′ S., Long. 79° 10′ E., she shipped one of the biggest seas that ever came aboard her. It burst in the galley and badly scalded the cook with steam. It went right over the 'midship house, smashed the skylights and filled up the cabin, which had to be baled out with buckets. I believe that this was the only time that her cabin was flooded. Later in this day the steward and the carpenter fought.

On 11th July, after a long course of quarrelling, the cook and steward fought and unfitted themselves for duty.

In Shanghai, the fever came aboard and dealt cruelly with officers and men. It stayed aboard when she sailed for Tacoma. Two weeks out from Shanghai, Mr. Harris, her third mate, who had been very ill indeed, died of fever, and was buried at sea.

In Tacoma, most of the crew deserted, a new and raw crew had to be shipped, hardly a sailor among them, and the officers still ill. Four days after leaving Tacoma, in bad weather, this new crew was washed about the decks.

After a tedious passage, the *Wanderer* picked up the tug *Royal Briton* some fifty miles south of Lundy on the 13th March, 1901. The next day, in dark, foggy, bitterly cold weather, with wind blowing hard from the east, the tug slipped her towrope and disappeared in the fog. When the fog cleared the *Wanderer* had drifted to within eight miles of St. Ann's Head. The next day when the *Royal Briton* reappeared, her captain reported that he

had been forced to drop them the day before because the air pump of his engines had broken, and that he had had to have it repaired. He gave the *Wanderer's* crew the news of the death of Queen Victoria.

The ship now proceeded to tow to Bristol, after a long and disappointing passage of 154 days, during which all felt and said that she was an unfortunate ship.

As she was the loftiest ship that had ever gone under the Clifton Suspension Bridge, her arrival in Bristol made a sensation. Some good photographs of her were taken as she docked, and as she lay in the basin.

Her Captain and Mates left the ship at Bristol.

THE *WANDERER* AT BRISTOL

from a photograph lent by MRS. SPRAGG

Captain - - - T. S. BAILEY (late of the *Pegasus*)
Chief Mate - - W. CHRISTIAN (late of the *Nonpareil*)
Second Mate - - J. COX

Left Bristol, 13th April, 1901, in ballast.
Arrived New York, 22nd May.
Captain Thomas Dunning took command, 15th June, 1901.
Left New York, 9th July, with 119,207 cases of oil.
Called at Woosung.
Arrived Shanghai, 12th December.
Left Shanghai, 3rd January, 1902, in ballast.
Arrived Port Townsend, 1st February.
Arrived Tacoma, 24th February.
Called at San Francisco, 26th March: left next day.
Arrived Queenstown, 14th July.
Arrived Cardiff, 17th July.

As she towed down the Avon from Bristol on this voyage, a woman was seen to walk abreast of her on the river road for as long as she could keep pace with the ship, often waving to one of the few white men in her crew. This man said afterwards that he had murdered the lady's husband for love of her, and that presently he was going to marry her.

During the passage to New York, Mr. Kiddie, then an apprentice, took the small photographs of the *Wanderer's* decks reproduced facing p. 122 in the limited editions of this book. The passage was stormy. The Captain was confined to his chartroom, the second mate was ill, and the ballast shifted. Captain Bailey left the ship when she reached New York. Captain

Thomas Dunning came out from England to her, and assumed command.

On the passage to Woosung, on the 10th October, 1901, at 7.50 a.m., in Lat. 43° S., Long. 107° E., C. Christiansen, aged 25, fell overboard from the yard, while reefing the fore upper topsail, and was never seen again.

No fever came aboard at Shanghai, but some of the crew were often incapable of duty from drinking native liquor.

The passage, Shanghai to Port Townsend, in 28 days, was a good performance, not a record. The ship *Galgate* had made the similar passage, Shanghai to Tacoma, in 27 days, and the ship *Manchester,* in 23 days.

While the *Wanderer* lay at Tacoma, Captain Dunning shipped a new second mate and eight seamen. In order to procure the seamen he was forced to pay the crimps, or dealers in seamen's bodies, the very high Puget Sound blood-money of fifty-five dollars a man. The men so obtained were not worth the money, and the new second mate was not a navigator. When the *Wanderer* was a few weeks out from Tacoma, Mr. Christian, the chief mate, fell ill. He had suffered injury in a leg rather more than a year before, in the wreck of his ship the *Nonpareil*. This injury now became so much worse that it was necessary to put in to San Francisco to send him to hospital. Captain Dunning was also determined to obtain a new second mate who could navigate.

San Francisco was not a good port for a ship to enter, because

Photo. lent by MR. LASTY

Photo. lent by MR. J. RANDALL

AT BRISTOL

Photograph lent by MRS. SPRAGG

in those days the crimps used to entice the incoming crew out of their ship and then sell them for what they would fetch to the captains in the bay in need of crews. Captain Dunning, however, had no choice. On the 26th March he put into the harbour, and as he brought the *Wanderer* to an anchor, he armed the two senior apprentices with revolvers, stationed them one on each side of the midship house, and gave them strict orders to shoot the first crimp who tried to come aboard. He then took Mr. Christian ashore to the St. Mary's Hospital. Various delays kept him from returning to his ship until after dark.

The apprentices kept the crimps from alongside throughout the hours of daylight. This was greatly to the credit of the boys, because two of the most notorious crimps made the attempt. But after dark, one of these men brought a boat under the bows, and the eight men from Puget Sound and the second mate who could not navigate went down the cables into her and pulled away. Within twelve hours, one of these men, having been sold, was tumbled, unconscious, into a launch at Vallejo Street, to be one of the crew of a homeward bound four-master. Each of the others, so a San Francisco paper said, "will bring forty dollars here, and the returns will be quick, for sailors are wanted badly." Another local paper made the comment "the trade in deep-water sailors is thriving these days."

Proceeding to sea, the *Wanderer* made a good passage home of 110 days.

Captain - - -	THOMAS DUNNING
Chief Mate - -	H. G. GODWIN
Second Mate - -	JOHN SINCLAIR

Left Cardiff, 25th August, 1902, in ballast.
Arrived Philadelphia, 21st September.
Left Philadelphia, 5th October, with 120,000 cases of oil.
Arrived Kobe, 8th March, 1903.
Left Kobe, 8th April, in ballast.
Arrived Tacoma, 9th May.
Left Tacoma, 24th June, with wheat.
Arrived Queenstown, 1st November.
Arrived Cardiff, 3rd November.
Mr. Godwin left the ship in Kobe.

In the night of the 17th-18th of May, while the ship lay at Tacoma, a burglar, acting in concert with one of the crew, came off from the shore, and robbed the ship of some paints and all her compasses. The theft was discovered at once; the goods were recovered and the men jailed. Shortly before the ship sailed, a seaman deserted from her, but was recovered by paying thirty-five dollars' blood money to the crimp who had tempted him ashore.

While off the Horn, on 3rd September, on the homeward voyage, this seaman attacked Captain Dunning in the forecastle.

He sent word to the Captain that he was suffering from sore toes. The Captain went to the forecastle, examined the toes, saw nothing amiss, and ordered the man to come on deck. "He immediately made a brutal assault with his head, knocking me down

and striking me before I could realize such an attack." However, Captain Dunning was not the man to trifle with thus.

The Boatswain on this voyage was troublesome and mutinous. He fought the second mate, said he would do no more work, and later fought with an able seaman, "using awful bad language."

After her return from this voyage, at 2.37 p.m. on 8th December, 1903, while in the Cardiff Docks, in shifting her berth in violent weather, when nearly empty, the *Wanderer* again took charge of her tug, collided with the steamer *Strathmore* and carried away some of her headgear, as well as the *Strathmore's* foretopmast.

The Eighth Voyage

Captain - - - THOMAS DUNNING
Chief Mate - - JOHN HENRY SHIELDS
Second Mate - - ALFRED W. BUSH

Left Cardiff, in tow, 12th December, 1903.

Arrived Antwerp, 15th December.

Left Antwerp, 23rd January, 1904, with a general cargo for San Francisco.

The weather in the Channel being very bad, she put into St. Helen's Bay, Isle of Wight, for a week; sailed thence on 4th February into five days of violent gale, in which she split three topsails and the outer jib. She put into Falmouth to wait for the westerly to abate, and stayed for a week in the Carrick Roads there.

Left Falmouth, 18th February, 1904: sailed round the Cape of Good Hope.

Arrived San Francisco, 5th August, 1904; 169 days out.

Left San Francisco, 22nd October, in ballast.

Arrived Port Blakeley, 16th November, 1904, where she loaded timber.

Left Port Blakeley, 14th February, 1905.

Left Port Townsend, 15th February.

Arrived Liverpool, 14th July, 1905.

The voyage out to San Francisco was not remarkable, except for its length and the fact that the hens laid every day from the time of leaving Antwerp. The two pigs throve, and when killed weighed, one, 180, the other, 120 pounds. Off the Cape "the pig-house was washed overboard with a sea like a mountain: it was miraculous how the pigs fell out of the bottom and walked forward."

Early in the voyage the sailmaker, an Irishman, quarrelled with the negro cook and turned him out of the round-house. The

cook thenceforward lived in his galley and slept on deck. Two Germans in the forecastle during this voyage were able to converse together in Latin. A Swede in the crew made himself a fiddle out of a cigar box, with threads for strings and bow. He left the ship with this fiddle in San Francisco, and made a living for himself by playing it at saloons.

While moored in San Francisco the *Wanderer's* jib-boom pointed well over the wharf. During the night somebody hung the jib-boom with a six-foot string of old bones. American sailors were always fond of pointing out that English ships were hungry.

After discharging part of her cargo at the wharf, the ship was towed up the Sacramento to Selby's smelting works to discharge her coke. She then lay at Benicia for a few weeks.

Before leaving San Francisco for the north the *Wanderer* was towed to the Kitson Iron Works, where two timber ports were cut in her bows. After this she sailed for Port Blakeley, in ballast. She came up to Cape Flattery in blowing thick weather with much fog. In a lift of the fog she found herself close in with the land and had only just time to go about and draw away. Had she missed stays nothing could have saved her.

The port of Blakeley was then an anchorage near an island on which there was a big sawmill. The timber was towed in long rafts to one side of the island, dragged upon travellers to the saws, and thrust down thence onto shoots which led to the ships' loading ports on the other side. The ships were loading only

choice logs from the first real cutting of the Washington forests (a thirty-foot log was reckoned small). The shore and anchorage were littered with good waste wood; logs eight feet long by four feet circumference were used as dunnage; and all ships there burned wood by day and night, and stored it for the passage home. Even so, the waste of the sawmills burned day and night in two immense bonfires "as high as houses," which were fed mechanically by an endless chain. These bonfires were thronged at night by the inhabitants and visitors.

About half the sawmill's hands were sailors who had deserted their ships in the gold-rush of a few years before. Most of them were unmarried Europeans. They were generous and improvident men who messed at a canteen and chummed together in little cabins of two or three bunks. They made the lives of sailors in the Port more comfortable than they would otherwise have been, by supplies of fresh food and sweet things. The crews of the ships in port worked at the stowing of the cargo.

The logs were hove in by flexible wire ropes which led through the timber-ports, aft along the hold, through a block below the after hatch, through a stay-tackle block above it and down to the drum of a donkey-engine in a power boat alongside. When the drum hove in the wire the log was drawn aft to the desired place. It was said that six or eight men could handle and stow the biggest of all the logs. It was hard but not unpleasant work, for the cargo was clean and fragrant. As ports went in those

From a photograph lent by MESSRS. PRIESTLEY AND SONS, LTD., 1 FALKLAND RD., WALLASEY

days, the place was a good port, where sailors had fairly easy days and pleasant evenings. There were numerous temptations to desertion. In Seattle, across the bay, miners from Alaska would still pay for their drinks with gold dust or little nuggets. There were also many crimps in the district, who lived by the sale of men's bodies to shipmasters in need of crews.

As the *Wanderer* came home from Port Blakeley with a deck cargo which made it impossible to use the after-deck capstan, the work on board on the voyage home was unusually hard.

Her cargo is still remembered in Liverpool as the finest consignment of choice timber ever brought to the port.

Only a part was discharged at Liverpool. On the 16th August, 1905, the *Wanderer* towed to Cardiff to complete her discharge.

The Ninth Voyage

Captain - - -	THOMAS DUNNING
Chief Mate - -	J. G. SPENCER (joined the ship in Liverpool)
Second Mate - -	H. DANIEL (joined the ship in Cardiff)

Left Cardiff, 24th September, 1905, in tow of the tug *Conqueror,* for Antwerp, where she was to load general cargo for San Francisco.

Sailed from Antwerp, 15th November, 1905.

Arrived at San Francisco, 22nd April, 1906.

Sailed from San Francisco, 28th September, 1906, with grain, honey and tinned fruits.

Arrived Liverpool, 1st March, 1907.

Before she left Cardiff the *Wanderer* was drydocked. Before she went onto the blocks most of her lower-hold stanchions were removed and laid upon her ballast. When she was on the blocks it was found that the stanchions were too long to be replaced: many of them were sent ashore, shortened, and then refitted. "However, as soon as she floated, the bolts sheared with reports like rifle-shots, as the ship regained her normal shape, leaving the stanchions too short, and these again had to be lengthened."

As in the eighth voyage, Captain Dunning decided to run the Easting instead of beating round the Horn. Mr., now Captain, Daniel has sent the following recollections of this voyage:

"She was a wonderful ship in light winds, but she was also so strong that you could carry on to glory in her without busting a ropeyarn in strong winds. We ran the Easting down under full

topgallant sails and full courses with both sheets aft on all courses, jibing her every twelve hours, and running with the wind about four points on the quarter. We picked up the French four-masted barque *Ville du Havre* somewhere east of the Crozets, bound to 'Frisco east about, the same as ourselves. She was under lower topsails and foresail, and we passed her as if she were anchored. She arrived about sixteen days after us, and we both discharged part cargo at Oakland piers together.

"I felt proud to be second mate of such a splendid ship when we left Antwerp river, and when we passed down through Dover with everything set below the royals, with a strong north-east gale, and saw the way she romped along, I wouldn't have changed my job for the command of a cruiser. It was gloriously exhilarating to feel her flying, to watch the coast lights come in sight on the bow, hang for a while on the beam, and quickly slip out of sight on the quarter. We came up on a large passenger steamer, something after the type of an intermediate Union-Castle liner, ablaze with lights, and overhauled and passed her with ease.

"We put our Channel Pilot aboard a Brixham trawler somewhere off Plymouth, and then squared away on our long 20,000 mile run to 'Frisco.

"The best watch's run that I remember was running down the Easting. The wind was on the starboard beam, and we were carrying every stitch. At 1 a.m. all I could see to leeward was the

foam boiling inboard at the lee break of the 'midship poop and sweeping round the curved forward bulkhead up to the mainmast. We started to shorten her down from the skysail and topgallant staysails, and by 4 a.m. she was under six topsails and foresail, and she had logged 56 knots in the four hours by her Bliss log. Captain Dunning always streamed a Bliss log at sea, and supplemented this with a Walker Cherub log from the other quarter when nearing port.

"While running the Easting down on one occasion she made a run of 1,321 nautical miles in four days. After rounding New Zealand she had bad luck, the yards were never off the backstays all the way up the Pacific until just to the westward of the Farallones and she took about 68 days to get there. We sighted the Farallones within twenty minutes of the time anticipated. The passage was 155 days from Antwerp."

Some days before the ship reached San Francisco, the crew mutinied: one of the two boatswains, twenty able-bodied seamen, two ordinary seamen, the carpenter and sailmaker all struck work together.

The remainder of the crew, the Master, two mates, four apprentices, port boatswain, two ordinary seamen and the steward shortened sail and worked the ship under easy canvas to the Golden Gate. No tug appeared to take them in, for it was two days after the great San Francisco earthquake, and all the tugs were at the wharves pumping water on the flames of the still

burning city. The *Wanderer* therefore sailed in at sunset under lower topsails to anchor off Alcatraz Island. One who saw her come in says that "she had the red sun setting behind her as though she were coming out of a ball of fire."

The mutinous crew deserted during the next day. The *Wanderer* after some delay discharged at the Howard Street wharf, and then proceeded to Saucelito to lay up on the mud. She was at this time dead empty: her hold had been swept fore and aft. While riding thus light, it came on to blow, but in spite of her loftiness she rode it out easily.

While at Saucelito, her apprentices scraped, scrubbed and painted her sides as far down as they could reach. She then loaded some grain at Port Costa, and completed her loading with honey and tinned fruits at the Filbert Street wharf.

In the passage home, the *Wanderer* raced with four other ships, the *Ellisland,* the *Latimer,* the *Gael,* and the Norwegian four-masted barque, *Prince Robert*, and beat them all in spite of a partial dismasting which has been variously reported thus by three eye-witnesses.

It seems likely that each witness refers to a different point in the clearing of the wreck, and that knife, maul and axe were all used as described.

"Coming home from San Francisco on her last homeward passage, we had light winds practically the whole way.

"When a little north of the Line in the Atlantic, about

5° N. I think, but would not be sure, we lost the fore topgallant mast.

"There was an exceedingly heavy northerly swell coming down, and she was heading right into it, braced sharp up on starboard tack, with light airs only. The swell was so heavy that she took water over the forecastle frequently, and the strain on the masts and braces was heavy.

"About 8.30 a.m. a white squall came along. It was only noted when close aboard, and Captain Dunning, who was on deck, sang out 'Lower away skysail and royal halliards!'

"However, just at the moment she took a heavy sea over the bow, which poured down along the lee side of fore-deck, and the man at the fore royal halliards ran away. She heeled over to the squall, took another plunge into the head sea, and the fore-topgallant mast snapped off at the cap like a carrot.

"I ran up on deck (my watch below) just in time to hear Captain Dunning say, 'Look, the main one's going too!' as though he might just be calling my attention to something curious that one doesn't often see. I jumped to the skysail halliards and let them go, and Captain Dunning lowered the royal half down. The mast was saved from tumbling, but was so splintered at the heel as to be no further use, and we had to strip the yards during the day. The only man who appeared to have attended to the order to lower the royals was the man at the mizen. The Chief Officer had immediately jumped down among the men and water

on the foredeck and chased them to work at the job of the fore-topgallant mast.

"We unscrewed the topgallant and royal backstays, cut the topgallant and royal brace pennants, and the stays (not a single thing had carried away, and I think the cause of the mast snapping must have been that the braces had stretched and slackened with the heavy pitching, although I had sweated them up at 5.30 a.m.), but the whole of the mast, yards, sails, and gear still hung to leeward, and we found that it was all hanging on the lee backstays which had fouled one of the lee crane-lines. The crane-line was simply an ordinary twenty-one thread ratline, and it didn't seem possible that this was holding all the gear from going overboard, also the difficulty was to get at it, as the crane-line was about six feet below the level of the upper topsail yard.

"A Sydney larrikin, whom we had shipped at 'Frisco, and who had been having a rough time as an incompetent and slacker, slipped out on the lee topsail yardarm, went down the backstay, and cut the crane-line with his sheath knife. We watched him, expecting to see him hurled to the deck as the weight came off the backstays, and he actually swung head downwards into the belly of the upper topsail, as he had one leg over the footrope. The whole tangled mass of gear fell into the sea, and the larrikin came out of it without a scratch. I remember . . . . . saying, 'Well, that blighter's a damn good man after all!' and he certainly had an easier time of it afterwards."

Another account is as follows:

"When in 26° N. Lat. in the Atlantic we one morning encountered a squall which only appeared as a light shower on the water. At the time we were on the starboard tack, with all sail set except the skysail and light staysails. This squall struck us at 9.45 a.m. and became so strong that the men standing by the royal halliards had to leave the fore and mizen on account of the ship's rail being under water. The fore topgallant mast snapped at the cap, the wreckage hanging over the fore part of the topsail yards. The main topgallant mast also sprung at the doublings. We had the wreckage cleared and the main topgallant mast fished by 4 p.m., and by this time it was blowing very hard and we were down to six topsails and foresail. As showing how almost incredible things happen, we unscrewed the box-screws and dipped the wire backstays over the topsail yards, and when everything was clear on the forepart the only thing that held the whole of the wreckage, consisting of the topgallant mast and topgallant and royal yards, with their sails, sheets, etc., was the starboard topgallant brace, which was lying across the topmast crosstrees. I sat on the crosstrees and when the ship lurched heavily to leeward, gave the wire pennant a heavy blow with a hammer and all the wreckage fell into the water clear of the ship and drifted astern. It is surprising that the band did not slip off the yardarm or the wire pennant or whip break under the strain."

A third witness, who writes, in error, that it was the fore topmast that carried away, describes the cutting as follows:

"All hands were ordered on deck and sail reduced, the main topgallant mast secured, then the fore topmast cut away, every stay and wire was let go except one of the large stays, all the tophamper was hanging on this stay, when old Tom Gray of Exeter an old English sailor, went aloft with an axe, stood on the lower masthead, and when the captain gave the order down went Gray's axe and topmast etc. drifted astern."

Although the *Wanderer* had to finish her passage under topsails and courses she beat all the four competing ships, picked up a tug off Dungarvan, and arrived in Liverpool, 153 days out.

While she was discharging in Liverpool, she was overhauled and new fore and main topgallant masts fitted. It was said that there was no spar in Liverpool long enough to replace the main topgallant mast. Sixteen years before there had been no pitch pine spar 86 feet long to replace her former loss. Now no spar could be found even ten feet shorter. She was therefore shorn of her glory. Her main skysail yard was put ashore, and her main topgallant mast thenceforward was shorter than formerly and carried nothing above the royal.

After loading slag ballast she proceeded for Hamburg in tow of the *Sarah Jolliffe*. This was her last voyage.

Captain - - -	T. DUNNING
Chief Mate - -	J. G. SPENCER
Second Mate - -	

Mr. H. Daniel, who had been granted leave of absence, so that he might take his Examination for Chief Mate, was to rejoin the ship in Hamburg. Mr. Drew, an old Channel Pilot, made the passage to Hamburg as an assistant Navigator.

The Crew

	AGE IN 1907
D. R. MASON	42
G. QUILLIO	29
JAMES ROBERTS	60
THOMAS F. KELLY	17
HAROLD COATES	17
ALEX. C. KERR	18
EDWARD WILSON	35
MICHAEL SHERIDAN	25
FREDERICK WILLS	34
JOHN ADAM	23
W. SHEA	26
ARTHUR BRACEGIRDLE	26
DANIEL MACDONALD	59
LIONEL BABINALL	21
EDWARD LEGRANGE	50
NEIL HAGGARTY	32
CAMPBELL BURKE	59

Mrs. Dunning, the Captain's wife, was on board in this passage.

The crew was to be completed in Hamburg after the ship had loaded.

Left Liverpool, 7th April, 1907, with slag ballast on board, in tow of the tug *Sarah Jolliffe,* to load coke in Hamburg, for Santa Rosalia. Reached the

mouth of the Elbe at noon, 13th April, and took on board the Elbe Pilot, A. Strohsahl.

Anchored in the nearer Altenbruch Road, 4.30 p.m., 13th April, "in a place which permitted a safe ride," with fifty fathoms chain.

Run into and sunk at about 2 a.m. on 14th April, 1907. The ship a total loss. No lives lost.

Having anchored, in the Altenbruch Road, the *Wanderer* cast off the *Sarah Jolliffe*, which then proceeded towards England. The *Wanderer* was to tow up to Hamburg the next morning with the German tug *Lome*. It was fine clear easterly weather with a day-old moon.

The riding-lights were set at 7.15 p.m., one, as usual, aft, at the peak of the gaff, about 20 feet up: the other, not as usual, from the forestay, but (at the Pilot's order) about 35 feet up, in the starboard foreshrouds on the fourth starboard swifter. The lights burned well and clear, but this starboard light had a wide arc of darkness. An anchor watch was set of one seaman, and one officer.

The rest of the *Wanderer's* crew, having cleared up decks and supped, turned in for the night. Captain Dunning, having seen that the riding-lights were burning well, turned in at 10.30 p.m. Chief Mate Spencer, and with him the pilot, Strohsahl, who was sleeping in Mr. Daniel's cabin, came on deck at midnight and saw that both lights burned brightly and clearly. The apprentice, Kelly, who had charge of the lamps, also looked at them

at midnight and saw that they were burning well. At one in the morning the seaman Wilson, whose anchor watch it was, thought that they burned so brightly that he need not trim them.

At about nine on the Saturday evening the Austral liner, *Hagen,* anchored not far from the *Wanderer,* and lay there lit with many bright lights.

A pilot, going down the Elbe five minutes later, being dazzled by these bright lights, failed to see the *Wanderer's* lights until he saw the loom of her rigging. A second pilot at 9.15 also going down stream had the same experience. A third a little later, on landing at Cuxhaven, asked a light-tender on the pier there, "What is that sailing ship that lies by Altenbruch? She carries so bad lights it is to be feared that she'll be run into." On the other hand the four officers of the *Hagen* all thought that the *Wanderer's* lights, though not specially bright, were not burning badly.

Another pilot said that they were burning brightly.

Another pilot said that they were burning well.

Another pilot said that they were burning well enough.

Another pilot said that they were not burning very brightly.

Another pilot said that they were burning very ill indeed.

Another pilot said that the after light was less bright than the other.

In that afternoon of the 13th April, a twin-screw steamer of the Woermann Line, the *Gertrud Woermann* (R.B.P.Q.), built

at Hamburg in 1905, a ship of 6,331 gross, 4,011 net tons, under Captain Jacob Jensen, arrived at Cuxhaven with some six or seven hundred Colonial German soldiers from South West Africa. In the evening these troops landed at Cuxhaven.

At about twenty minutes past one in the Sunday morning, 14th April, it being then flood tide, the *Gertrud Woermann* pulled out from Cuxhaven into the Elbe with the help of the tug *Lome*. On getting into the stream she cast off the tug and proceeded full speed ahead up stream for Brunsbüttel. The tug followed her at a little distance to help her to dock at Brunsbüttel. It was a dark night but very strangely clear. The ship, with the flood, made from 14 to 15 knots an hour. She had two pilots on board, both on the bridge. The Captain was on the bridge, in charge; with him was the Second Officer, whose watch it was. The seaman who should have been in the crow's nest on the look-out was at work aft, clearing up, and making ready the mooring gear.

At about 1.40 the Captain said that he was "going for a second below, to get his cloak." He left the bridge. A few minutes later the look-out seaman, having finished his work on deck, climbed to the crow's nest, and proceeded to make himself snug there, before looking out. The crow's nest was 20 metres forward from the bridge and 4 metres higher.

The helmsman, at this moment, was on a course of E.S.E. ½ E. He had just passed a little to the south of an anchored ship

with very bright riding-lights, when he caught sight of two lanterns dead ahead. He mentioned these lights to the two pilots whose glasses at the moment were on their navigation beacons. Neither pilot knew that there was no look-out in the crow's nest.

One of the two pilots, at the helmsman's call, looked ahead and saw the two riding-lights. To him they seemed to be "burning dim and pretty distant." He "ported rudder" at once, so as to leave this anchored ship to starboard, but then saw that the ship was not distant but very very near. He at once set both engines full steam astern, and shifted the rudder to starboard, so that if he could not avoid the collision, he might lessen it. Neither change of helm made any appreciable difference. At the same instant, the look-out man saw the riding-lights, but did not sing out, because "on the bridge a great row was going on, from which he concluded that these lights were also plainly seen upon the bridge." The Captain, who was talking in the cabin with an official of the Line, ran on deck at the sound of the telegraph bells. He reached the bridge just as the *Gertrud Woermann* struck the *Wanderer* on the port bow somewhere abaft the collision bulkhead. It was thought that the engines had been going astern for about a minute when the crash came. The Engine Room Log books noted going full speed astern at 1.51 a.m. The helmsman thought that the collision came 21 seconds after his first porting rudder.

After cutting into the *Wanderer* the *Gertrud Woermann*

THE TUG *WRESTLER*

from a photograph lent by the NAUTICAL PHOTO. AGENCY

THE *GERTRUD WOERMANN*

Photograph lent by the NAUTICAL PHOTO. AGENCY

backed away, signalled to the tug to render help, and then drove on, on a N.N.W. course, to anchor, to look to herself. She had on her bow, on both sides, under the hawse holes, many deep dents, but remained tight, and was able to proceed to Emden the next day. Her Captain lowered a boat, but seeing that the tug was with the *Wanderer* he hoisted her again. The tug seems to have been watchfully following the *Gertrud Woermann*. She, too, failed to see the *Wanderer's* lights, altered helm suddenly on seeing her rigging, and missed her by twenty yards.

The instant before the collision, the seaman Wilson, keeping the anchor watch on the *Wanderer's* bridge, saw the *Gertrud Woermann's* masthead and starboard lights. The crash followed on the instant. Two of those who were in the *Wanderer* at the time have sent me the following accounts.

Mr., now Captain, Spencer writes:—

"At 1.45 a.m. on the 14th, the weather being beautifully clear, there was a terrible crash. The ship heeled to starboard heavily, and then righted herself. This was accompanied by the noise of the cable running out and the squealing of the protesting windlass brakes. I jumped out of my room, ran up the port after-ladder leading to the midship bridge, and there saw the masthead and green lights of a large passenger steamer with her bows jammed into our port bow at the break of the forecastle head. I heard her engine-room telegraph clang and she backed away from us. Meeting Captain Dunning on the fore-deck he told me to

see if the ship were going to sink. I said that she certainly was, as I could hear through the forward ventilators the rush of water into the ship. He ordered me to swing out the lifeboat, and I went to the saloon and told Mrs. Dunning to stay there where she could be found, and I would return for her when the boat was ready.

"We smashed the chocks and swung the starboard boat out, lowering her, fortunately, level with the rail, and I then went for Mrs. Dunning. As I came out of the saloon I found on the port side a tug and into this I put Mrs. Dunning, and then ordered him to go forward and take a line in an attempt to beach the ship on the Medem Sand. By this time the ship had begun to list to port.

"The tug gave us a small wire hawser through the starboard breast-pipe, and we then knocked out the shackle pin at the forty-five fathoms. As the ship was now listing rapidly, Captain Dunning ordered all hands to the boat, and a minute or so after we got adrift the ship rolled over on her side, and lay partially submerged. We drifted about in the dark and later were picked up by the tug *Fair Play V*.

"We then spoke the tug which had Mrs. Dunning on board, and she was delighted to find us safe, as she thought that we had gone with the ship.

"The whole of the foregoing happened between 1.45 and 2 a.m., just fifteen minutes. But to tell of the incidents and im-

pressions in detail would take much longer, and this is just a short account of the last minutes of the *Wanderer,* a ship I had a very deep affection for and probably one of the strongest and finest sailing vessels ever built.

"We were all landed at Cuxhaven at 4 a.m. and later went to Hamburg, the Captain and I remaining there for a month for the trial."

Mr. Kelly, then an apprentice in her, writes:—

"At 2 a.m. on Sunday the German steamer *Gertrud Woermann* from Africa ran into the *Wanderer,* striking her on the port bow and cutting into the forward collision bulkhead. Everybody was out on deck instantly, and when we came on deck we saw what appeared like a city of lights moving away from us. Our old ship was listing heavily to port when the Captain gave the order, 'Every man for himself.' There was no panic. All hands made their way along the starboard rail to the starboard lifeboat. The boat was launched with difficulty, as the side of the ship was at an angle of forty-five degrees. The crew then got into the boat, all very scantily clad. In twenty minutes from the collision our poor barque was lying on her side in sinking sands, the greater part of the deck under water. Our boat was picked up by the German tug *Fair Play V* of Hamburg after other ships had passed, not having heard us hail them. We were landed at Cuxhaven, and later sent to Hamburg in a Woermann Line tug. There was a dock strike at the last-named place and, when we

arrived at the landing stage, things looked very black, until a port or harbour man told the strikers that we were shipwrecked sailors, not strike-breakers, as they took us to be."

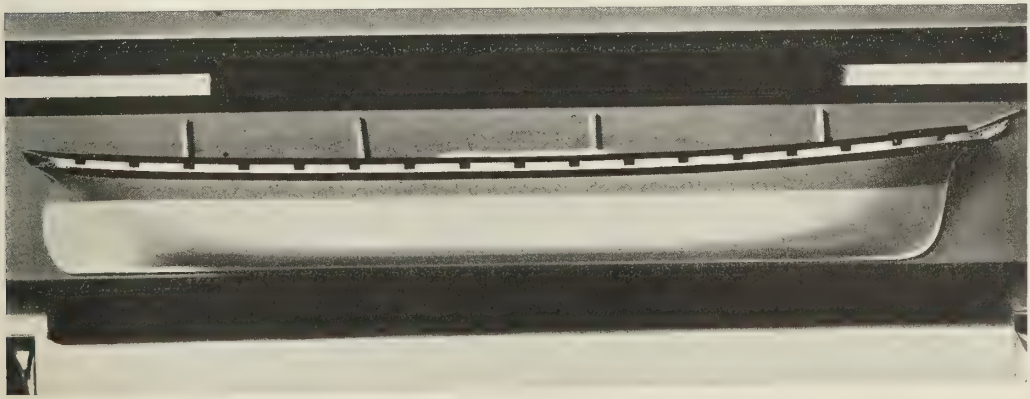
The crew behaved heroically during the last few minutes. All hands had been suddenly roused from sleep by a crash. They ran on deck half-clad and barefooted to find their ship sinking. What they achieved in those few minutes is due to the two men in command, Captain Dunning and Mr. Spencer.

It was a pitch dark night, and all that was done had to be done in the dark, against time. First, flares were lit; then, when the *Lome* drew alongside, Mrs. Dunning was put aboard her, and the effort made to put the ship onto the mud to the north. She was actually moved to some little distance before the list made them cast off and abandon ship. The Elbe pilot, A. Strohsahl, would not go in the much overcrowded boat, but remained on board. He climbed up the starboard main-rigging as high as the yard, and then, finding that the ship was going further over, went up to the crosstrees, and was perched there at her last lurch, when she went down, with her riding lights burning to the last. His cries were heard on board the *Lome;* the tug drew up to the wreck and took him off.

The wreck lay on her port side in twenty-four feet of water between the black buoys 17 and 18, about 800 metres from buoy 18, on a bottom of quicksand; at low tide her starboard side

THE MORNING AFTER THE COLLISION, APRIL, 1907

Photograph lent by CAPTAIN H. DAHLSTRÖM



THE HALF-ROUND OF THE *WANDERER*

was above water. It was thought that the ship might be saved by prompt action.

Early the next morning, however, the position altered, the ship began to settle into the sand: by mid-day on the 16th it was seen that she was settling so fast that she could not be saved. As she was a serious danger to navigation it was ordered that she should be destroyed. The Nordischer Bergungs Verein of Hamburg undertook to blow her up with dynamite. Owing to a very strong current, the divers were only able to work during slack water, "which meant a working time of only one or two hours a day." For this reason, the destruction was not completed until the 9th of September, although only the starboard side was destroyed. The rest of her, deeply embedded in quicksand, is still there. As she was one of the most strongly built ships then in the world, the destruction of the one side of her cost £12,000. Little or nothing was salved from her except a few of her plates, and such running gear and canvas as could be taken from her masts in calm weather. Her anchor and chain were recovered from where they had been slipped. The riding lights, about which there was much question at the Court of Enquiry, could not be salved, because the floating gear from the fore and jigger fife rails made it too perilous for the divers to go down for them.

The port side lies "very nearly intact" slantwise across the stream in the quicksand. I have not been able to learn whether her figurehead is still there.

After daylight in the morning of the wreck, Captain Dunning's son, then an apprentice in the *Isle of Arran*, towed past the wreck of his father's ship, and asked "What ship is that?"

At the moment of the wreck, as far as it can be verified, Captain Brander, then asleep in bed in England, woke up and roused his household.

"I made such a noise in this dream that all the occupiers flocked to the room I occupied to see what was really wrong, as I alarmed the whole house.

"I saw the *Wanderer* at anchor and her anchor lights burning. I then felt a crashing of her plates and distinctly heard the inrush of water. I must have made a terrible noise, for so alarmed were all they rushed to my room to find out the cause.

"I told them that I saw the *Wanderer* run into and sunk by a steamer, saw the crew leaving and the ship sinking. The following day, I read in the papers and saw the report exactly as it appeared to me the previous night. And, in working out the time, it coincided with the final loss of that fine ship."

So, after sailing many thousands of miles and carrying many thousands of tons, and moving in the working lives of some thousands of men; after running more than 16 knots in one hour, 56 knots in a watch, 326 knots in a day, and 1,321 knots in four days; after glory and disaster and beauty that cannot be forgotten she passed into the list of total losses.

At the Court of Enquiry (Seeamt zu Hamburg) held before

the Reichs Kommissar, Vice-Admiral von Bodenhausen, on Monday, the 22nd April, 1907, the Court found "that the Command of the *Gertrud Woermann* is to be held completely responsible for the collision."

At the Court of the Landgericht, Hamburg, held on 3rd December, 1907, it was held that the owners of the *Gertrud Woermann* should pay the owners of the *Wanderer* freight earnings and accrued costs, £18,055, with damage claims to the *Wanderer's* crew, £976 15s. 0d. An appeal against these pronouncements was heard (and dismissed) at the Hanseatisches Oberlandsgericht on the 27th April, 1908.

And so now I come to the end of my story of the *Wanderer,* that ship of fame, the mother of many fine seamen.

She has been called an unlucky ship. The disaster of her first setting forth caused many legends of her unluckiness to go about the world. I myself, writing on the strength of these legends, may have helped to give her this name. I have now made this story of her so that the facts may be known, as far as I can learn them from imperfect records, the memories of men scattered all over the world, and notes in old newspapers. Although it is less than forty years since she was laid down, many records of her have been destroyed. Damp, rats, fire, and the ending of businesses have all helped to make the written records of her scarce. The sea and the war have taken heavy toll of those who sailed in her. This book contains all that I can find about her.

The events set down are often dull and trivial. In voyage after voyage some thirty-five men were shut up together in her, to come out in turn to work her, to quarrel, toil, sleep, sing and get wet through, to curse her soul and make her a wonder of beauty. All the time, she marched the waters, and rolled her spars through an arc, and made men marvel and rejoice. Like all ships, she had a life: effort of man had given her a soul.

Having written the story, I ask, was she in truth an unlucky ship, for one of her kind and time?

She was a marvel of beauty and strength: there was nothing unlucky in her construction: it stood all strains.

Then, as to her rigging. In all her years at sea, she lost, in all, four topgallant masts and sprang a fifth. The squall in the Ninth Voyage and the gale at her first sailing, both partially dismasted her, the one with an unexpected fury, the other mainly because of the accident of the broken towrope. Apart from these, her rigging stood all strains: there was nothing unlucky about that.

Then as to her officers. They were the pick of the profession, all first-rate seamen and the makers of first-rate seamen, not one of whom ever brought the ship into disaster through negligence or default. She was lucky in her officers.

In what, then, was she unlucky?

She killed her Captain; men fell from aloft and overboard from her; others died, or broke bones, in her; she lost some spars;

THE END

Photograph lent by CAPTAIN H. DAHLSTRÖM

THE END

Photograph lent by CAPTAIN H. DAHLSTRÖM

she took charge of her tugs; her cargoes shifted; she was on fire once and ashore four times; and at last she was sunk.

But was not this the life of such a sailing vessel at that time? Surely most of them killed someone, lost spars, took sheers, listed, caught fire, took the ground, and were lost. There were so many, and where are they? Most of them are sunk, with more of their crews than the *Wanderer* ever killed of hers.

Remembering these others, who can say that the *Wanderer* was unlucky, save for that broken towrope?

She is remembered to-day, when many of those others are forgotten, because she had that about her which made men mind her. She was the last strain of that song: it was all summed up in her: she was the perfect ship of that day.

"The ship was big and heavy and hard," so one writes who was in her. She was the ship of her time, with a crew of one man to every hundred tons. She was a mass of metal of more than two thousand tons, carrying more than four thousand tons across all the oceans of the world by means of the winds of heaven. Men so made her out of ore dug from the ground, that she stood the wind and sea in anger, and set her beauty in men's minds long after her bones are in the quicksand. Many ships so stood and so remain, yet she stands out from among them. Of all the many marvellous ships of that time, she moves me the most, as the strongest, the loveliest, and the one I am gladdest to have seen.

Once, long before, at her second outgoing down Channel
Re-rigged and re-captained, the tug *Sarah Jolliffe* had towed,
Now at her last putting forth from the port of her building
The tug *Sarah Jolliffe* again took her forth over bar.

Adown the gray river to seaward in ballast she towed
All high and uncomely, but gay as before with her flags,
And gay, in the April, past all the loud toil of the town,
The riveter's hammers, the hooting of sirens, the clang
Of the bells of the ferries, the threshing of screws in the stream,
The rattle of winches, the trample and clatter of drays,
She followed her tug to the gate she would never repass.

So down the gray highway of England she stood to the south
Past beacons that pointed the pathway or warned of the shoal,
The mountains of Wales on the left, underneath her the wreck
Shed from her masts at her first setting forth under Currie.

The April was bright on the water that bore her away.
By Brachy she towed, by the Mumbles, away to the south
Past Bristol, where once she had loaded, past Lundy's north cliff
And away past Bull Point for Tintagel and Pentire Head.

And as she advanct, towing southward, those watchers of ships
Sang from their places a song of the outgoing spirit,
A cry to all farers on ways upon water or earth.

Adventure on, companion, for this
Is God's most greatest gift, the thing that is.
Take it, although it lead to the abyss.

Ceaselessly, like the sunlight, life is spilled
Into these channels till the purpose willed
Meet with the End that is to be fulfilled.

A little hour is given to apprehend
Divine companions from the mortal friend
From mortal hearts a life that cannot end.

Go forth to seek: the quarry never found
Is still a fever to the questing hound,
The skyline is a promise, not a bound.

Therefore, go forth, companion: when you find
No highway more, no track, all being blind
The way to go shall glimmer in the mind.

Though you have conquered Earth and charted Sea
And planned the courses of all Stars that be
Adventure on, more wonders are in Thee,

Adventure on, for from the littlest clue
Has come whatever worth man ever knew;
The next to lighten all men may be you.

Adventure on, and if you suffer, swear
That the next venturer shall have less to bear;
Your way will be retrodden, make it fair.

Think, though you thunder on in might, in pride,
Others may follow fainting, without guide,
Burn out a trackway for them; blaze it wide.

Only one banner, Hope; only one star
To steer by, Hope, a dim one seen afar
Yet naught will vanquish Hope and nothing bar.

Your Hope is what you venture for, your Hope
Is but the shadowed semblance of your scope
The chink of gleaming towards which you grope.

What though the gleam be but a feeble one
Go on, the man behind you may have none;
Even the dimmest gleam is from the sun.

All beauty is. No paradise of flowers;
No quiet triumph of perfected powers;
It lives in the attempt to make it ours.

All power is; but with retarding thrift
The watching Strengths administer this gift
Man's paces as a spirit are not swift.

From the water-colour drawing made and lent by
MR. HAROLD A. UNDERHILL, M.C.

All that has been imagined from of old
Is, but more glorious a thousandfold;
The pebble lightens, and the clay is gold.

And you, the gray thing dragging on the sea,
Go as a man goes in Eternity
Under a crown of stars to Destiny.

Therefore adventure forth with valiant heart
Knowing that in the utmost stretch of art
Life communes with its heavenly counterpart.

So singing, the Watchers beheld her go on in the dusk
The evening star brightened the dimness; Pentire dimmed down,
The lights of the Land's End were beacons to show her her way.

Now Eastwards she turned by the Land's End, the eater of ships,
The *Khyber* cried to her from seld-litten greenness of gloom
"I once was a swiftness that trampled the billow-tops white
But now I lie broken in darkness with congers and crabs."
The *Peregrine* cried "I was queen: but my crown has been reft:
In darkness destruction came on me, my beauty has faln.
Men called me the beautiful ship in the seaports of home."

And now to the *Wanderer* towing, the Lizard appeared,
The Lizard, the landfall beloved of the homecoming men

The first light of home they behold after long months away
An outpost of England, sea-fronted, uplifting her lamp.

And now from the darkness of water the *Cromdale* outcried
"O beautiful passer, I once was the *Cromdale,* a queen
Most lofty, most lovely, most delicate stag of the sea,
Now nothing but jaggings of iron encrusted with shells,
Deep down among swayings of sea weed and whipping of fish.
Yet sweet is the sound of the water about a ship's bows,
And lovely the shadow of ships going by overhead."

And another voice rose from the water, the voice of the Queen,
Queen Margaret, saying, "O *Wanderer,* star of the sea,
I once was the glory of all of the seas of the world
In sailing I set forty sails, I exulted, I strode,
I rusht like the sea-streaming dolphin, the frigate-bird white
Skimming over the measureless miles leaping wave on blue wave
And crushing their blueness to greenness, the greenness to white
In a track a mile broad rolling outward all glittering gay.
And seamen remember my running the seas of the Horn
Pursued by the toppling gray combers uplifted astern
Forth thundering eastward all dim with the smoke of my spray.
Now scoured or heapt by the under-sea currents I lie
All crusht out of glory, unseen, save perhaps from the sky
By high-cruising gannets intent upon shadowlike fish."

Then anon from the crags to the northward another voice spoke
"I, too, hoped for home, I, the *Panama Bay,* whom the storm
Set suddenly onto the rocks whence no ship has escapt.
All rusty and ragged with ruin I cumber the swirls,
The sea grants a truce, not a pardon: ships may not live long.
Ships tread on an uncovered grave and their last port is Death."

In bright April weather, the *Wanderer* towed past the coast,
To leeward lay Falmouth where once she had sheltered from
storm
Beyond lay Bolt Tail and the sea-jutting headland of Start,
All the headlands of lights stretching out, all the signalling heads
Which had guided her seawards, or welcomed her home from
the sea.

Off Portland another voice spoke from the depths of the sea:—
"I once was the *Siren,* in Queenstown beside you of old.
Of all the world's beautiful ships we were surely the queens.
O would we were racing down Channel again as of old
With skysail poles bending, the lee scuppers flashing with spray,
The leaning high canvas complaining and straining and dark
Dark with wings dipping, or spindrift: the lean shaving shearing
Of the cutwaters heaving white water as high as the rail,
And the men at the tackles high-crying to board down the tacks.
But Fate smote my going asunder: I gallop no more

On the fenceless green foam-blossomed fields of the horses of
storm,
The speechless fish pasture within me: the lobsters' eyes peer
The darkness within me dim-gleaming with shine of the sea.
I once was the *Siren:* we two were the queens, you and I."

So onwards the *Wanderer* towed till the bright April day
Dimmed and the sunset was crimson and darkness drew on
And England lay dimly to leeward and light after light
Cast out her message, and town after town glittered bright,
And the French lights showed faintly as onwards the *Wanderer*
towed,
Around the South Foreland and on for the mouth of the Elbe.

And there, in the Altenbruch Road, on a bright afternoon
She came to an anchor: the tug, *Sarah Jolliffe*, cast loose
For she who had taken her seawards had brought her to rest
And nothing remained but to steam away westward for home.
The Wanderers watched her steam slowly away down the
stream.

They coiled up the hawsers and cleared up the decks for the
night.
The east wind blew briskly, the sun set ere seven, the moon
Then new, set directly; they hoisted the riding-lights up,
Men lingered to look at the lights of the city ashore

Then all went below save the anchor-watch seaman on deck.
The midnight passt slowly with lagging steps marked by the
bells.

It chanct that a big German steamer was going upstream
Full speed, on the flood, in the middle-watch blackness that
night;
Her helmsman and mate saw the *Wanderer's* lights dead ahead
And thought them far distant, then suddenly saw they were near,
Right under their bows, then they hove the wheel over and rang
The engine-room signal to back: seven seconds dragged by.

* * *

The *Wanderer's* watchman beheld the three lights of a ship
Rise suddenly up in the darkness; he saw the ship come,
A white surge of water below her, her fo'c'sle reared high,
And men on her bridge crying anguish and biting their hands.

* * *

The seconds of living suspense slowly dropped out their sands.

* * *

Then crash on the fenceless port broadside the *Gertrud's* steel
bows
Struck, cutting deep, reeling back, grinding in again deeper,
And over the *Wanderer* reeled at the force of the blow
Jangling in all of her gear, while with cryings and cursings
Her crew leapt from sleep into action and rusht upon deck.

They saw all the lights of the *Gertrud* draw slowly away,
The men in her shouting and signalling, rushing about;
They saw her back into the darkness to look to herself,
To anchor in darkness and find her bows bent but unburst.

All knew from the roaring of water below in the hold
That in a few moments the *Wanderer* surely would sink.
They lowered a boat, then they let slip the cable, and strove
To tow the ship northward to beach her in safety on sand.
For fifteen swift valorous minutes her heroes wrought hard
While under their feet beat the death-drum, the boom of the
leak,
The ship was fast listing to port from the in-pouring sea.

Too soon she had listed so far that her captain gave word
To cast off the towrope and take to the boat alongside.
They climbed down the side to the lifeboat and cut her adrift.
The overfull boat pushed away from the upheaving bilge
In the darkness upheaving above them: they hove out the oars
And pulled into safety to watch for the ending to come.
The drops from the oarblades drippt gleaming, the oarsmen
could hear
The moan of the *Wanderer* dying the death of a ship.

For now the most beautiful ship having wandered her ways
Was come to her ending, to thrust through the billows no more,

From a water-colour drawing lent by CAPTAIN H. DANIEL

No more to go thundering on under whining wet sheets
In the long leaps from roller to roller, the sea-smiting leaps,
Heaving her bows out, and swaying, and streaming a wake.
No more to creep ghostlike at dawnings with dew dripping gear
Her seamen like ghosts in the dimness, removing the lamps,
Or moving all drowsy to pause at the lit galley door.
No more would her beauty come tranquilly in from the sea.
Past the far sunburnt Heads, or the pine solemn Point, or the
    Flats,
Gleaming with rice pools, or up the gray Channel for England,
Her sails in their gear, being furled, as the tug took her in:
No more would her capstan clink pawls and the anchorage ring
To the song of her seamen aloft on her beautiful bow
Heaving her anchor for Falmouth, her mate at the railing
Watching the growth of the cable; now never, forever
Would tempest receive her, the tempest all flying with spume
The rain squall, the line squall, the howl of the never checkt
    wind
Snatching the sails from their gaskets; her moment had come.

Most gently she slowly leaned over and lay on her side
Her riding-lights burning until they were quencht in the flood.
Then, rapidly down, with a gurgling of air and a rush
Of flood beating on her she flung herself over and sank.

And then, in her moment of passing, her Power went forth

West, in the dark, over sea, as a bird going chartless
Speeds in the impulse of April unerringly homewards.
So, as a swallow or pigeon, the *Wanderer's* Power
Sped to her Captain in England, the Captain who took her
First, sweeping southwards in splendour, who first set her courses
And hoisted her topsails, topgallants and royals and then
Shouted to Tinsley to loose the main skysail, and held her
Under all sail, running free, in all beauty, all swiftness.

There at his bedside, he sleeping, the *Wanderer's* Power
Spoke without word by that impress of spirit on spirit,
So that he saw in his soul what disaster had fallen
And started from sleep crying out that his ship had gone down.
He roused all his household with cries that his ship had gone
down,
All fallen collapsed in the water the deathbed of ships
Her beauty of sheer in the quicksand, her glory engulft.

Meanwhile in the darkness her crew came to safety unharmed.
The morning rose brightly: men looked at the beautiful wreck,
Thinking to salve her, but quicksands were under her broadside
Drawing her under, engulfing her deeper, enclasping;
While flood thrust her deeper and ebb heaped the sand in her
wound.

* * *

From a water-colour drawing by CAPTAIN H. DANIEL

Since nothing could save her, men blasted the wreck from the
stream
And left her dead bones in the quicksand full fathom five down,
She lies there deep sunken, unminded, sea-creatures encrust her,
White shells, such as cover the *Siren,* red frond-waving weeds.

Herself is not there, being Beauty Eternal, alive,
She wanders the waters of thought, past disasters, past hates,
Past the world's disapproval, across the black seas of despair,
And on, beyond anguish to havens of peace whence she brings
Hope, Mercy and Courage, all gentle and beautiful things.
She shines on the waters, in summer's mid-daylight she shines
For the hand-shielded brow of her gazer is crowned with a star
And gently and surely she sweeps through the waters of
thought
Up, over the curve of the planet, uplifting a song:—

"Adventure on, companions, the attempt
At high adventure brings reward undreamt.

The raging sea is grim with reefs unconn'd:
There is a way, a haven is beyond.

Way for yourself, a harbourage for you,
Where every quarry spirit can pursue
Is, in the glory of the dream come true."

So singing, she wanders the waters with white wing on wing
Star-lighted, star-guided, the sea-gleaming beautiful thing.

Though there are few written records, there are some models and drawings of her. Of these the most important are:

A half-round builder's model now at Liverpool, in private hands.

A small model of her hull, made by her carpenter, and now owned by Captain Brander.

A small-scale rigged model in private hands.

Three small rigged models made by Mr. Daly, at one time boatswain under Captain Brander.

A painting by Mr. J. Spurling, reproduced as the Frontispiece of this book.

A painting by Mr. Harold Underhill, M.C. (see the photograph at page 94).

A painting by J. Witham of Liverpool (see the photograph at page 10).

A painting made to scale in Calcutta for Captain Brander (see the photograph at page 46).

A painting made in Calcutta for Mr. Willoughby (see the photograph at page 56).

Two paintings made by Captain Daniel (see the photographs at pages 100 and 102).

Of the photographs of her, all the best that I can trace are reproduced in this book.

THE *WANDERER* OFF CAPE FLATTERY

Said to be from a photograph by CAPTAIN H. MORRISON

Someone once asked me, "Was she 'built in the Eclipse and rigg'd with Curses dark'?"

Perhaps few ships have yet been completely rigged without curses: but as the point was interesting, I asked two astrologers what they could tell me of her stars, giving the time of high water as the approximate moment of her launch.

One wrote:—

"1. ASCENDANT

The rising sign is Scorpio . . . the sign under which a man is called to endurance. She would probably have special trials to face in the way of storms and difficult times. It seems an appropriate sign for a rather powerful and even heavily built ship with the latest type of engine of her day. Probably the look-out man on this ship had special importance.

2. THE DOMINANT

The Sun in Leo at the Zenith. There is a sort of Napoleonic quality in the horoscope, with something of fame or glory attained.

3. THE MEDIANT

The Moon is in Pisces; Neptune frowns on the Moon; a watery death?

Uranus rising . . . something incalculable, unexpected and totally unforeseen would appear in her conduct every now and then . . . more like genius than insanity, for it seems to help the glory."

The other writes:—

"The ship loves bold adventures and, in the main, she is lucky, especially so when handled by a man of her own nature, who will greatly dare and set her to tasks beyond her power or strength.

Then her luck will show forth and she will scrape through triumphantly, where another would go to the bottom. Men love and respect her. She draws and holds their heart-strings by her strength and magnetism. She is vital, bold, lovely, big and commanding in appearance, with a sturdy, bold look upon her.

There is something queer and weird about her, a little uncanny, maybe.

The end of her, if she were a human being, would show a peculiar death, danger of being buried alive, and again cremation after death; a ship sunk or burned at sea, or blown up. There would be curious conditions attached to that ending."

I thank the Editors of some two hundred newspapers in many different and distant countries for their kindness in printing my appeal for information about the *Wanderer*.

LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE WHALEBACK

Photo. lent by R. JANMART, ESQ.

I thank once more all the many hundreds of correspondents who have helped me with information, drawings and photographs, or with suggestions of where these might be found.

I am deeply grateful to the following, whose patient help in the answering of many questions has made this book possible:

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Mr. W. C. Cafferata,
Captain H. Daniel,
Herr H. Dahlström,
Captain J. Deane,
Mr. W. J. Herron,
Mr. R. Janmart,
Mr. T. F. E. Kelly,
Mr. G. A. Kiddie,
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LIVERPOOL

I am the English sea-queen; I am she
Who made the English wealthy by the sea.

The street of this my city is the tide
Where the world's ships, that bring my glory, ride.

Far as the tide along my highway swings,
The iron of my shipwrights clangs and rings.

Far inland as the gulls go are my stores,
Where the world's wealth is lockt with iron doors.

And these my merchants gather day by day
The wealth I bring, the wealth I send away.

THE NORTHERN MERCHANTS

We have been told that in the northern snows
And green icet sea the living sperm whale blows
And narwhals that have ivory in the nose:

And seals, that scrape along the ice and shine
In their sleek coats, and wolves with yellow eyne
And white-pelt bears, with small heads viperine.

And fish beyond all telling in the far
Cold depths wherein the cod's sea pastures are
Where the one sign of home is the North Star.

THE EASTERN MERCHANTS

We have been told that in the East are things
Flame-guarded by the Phoenix' burning wings,
The Sunstones of the Everlasting Kings;

The Moonstones from the Woman of the Sea,
The Changestones that compel Eternity
To that which *is*, but yet can never be.

And myriad balms; and spices such as nard
The unicorn and the camelopard
White, velvet-horned, in forests moonlit-starred.

And blood-gum, from the dragon poison-tusht,
Such as the Ctesiphon high-priestess crusht
On the sweet altar before swooners husht.

And grain from glittering fields, the which at dark
Strange three-toed stags will rob yet no man mark,
Unseen they come and go before the lark.

And silks, that the worm spins and man refines
Silk of the East with sunlight in its lines
That, at each turn, with other colour shines.

Berries, and fragrant leaves, and scented wood
Hard as thick glass and smooth, and red as blood,
And painted clays, and all drugs ill and good.

And muslins, delicate as dew, scarce seen;
Jade, carven and uncarven, serpent-green;
Blue from Madras, and scarlet from Cocheen.

Rubies that flame at midnight, pearls like moons
Pluckt from green depth at lulls in the monsoons,
Turquoise of Pasht, blush-coloured settaroons.

Salt lamprons, sun-dried waltrons, durians, dates,
Peaches whereon the Paradise Bird baits,
Almonds thick-candy'd from the Mogul's cates.

And perfumes such as burn by night and day
In Sarn, the city in the Himalay,
Where gods feast nightly, so the travellers say.

We have been told that in the South are men
Whom we can buy for beads to sell agen
Betwixt the Trinity and Darien.

And gold in dust, like sand upon the strond,
And soft blue soapstones from the hills beyond
Within whose dullness gleams the diamond.

And wood so dense it sinks, and wood so tough
Not even a blacksmith's rasps can make it rough,
Plank fit for gun-decks and for coaming-stuff.

And palm-oil and palm-matting and palm wine
And palm-rope, hawser-laid for towing line,
And palm wood corded with pajuka-bine.

And beasts for men to stare at, put in cage,
Monkeys like people of a former age,
And shag-maned lions, bound, for all their rage.

And pelts like armour cut from serpents grim
And striped pelts from the beasts that haunt the dim
And man-pelts stufft by dwarf folk shrunken slim.

And dwarves themselves, that click, but cannot speak,
Of all mankind the smallest and most weak,
Who poison elephants and hew the teak.

And giants, reared on milk, whose two-edged spears
Have foot-wide blades more fatal than Fate's shears,
Who drink a foeman's blood and wear his ears. . . .

But beside these, the lucky man may find
The gold mines that the Kings of Egypt mined,
Rich still in gold though all the shafts are blind.

And in them in the darkness, crowned and throned,
Sits the dead Pharaoh's mummy, staring-boned
Surrounded by the treasure that he owned.

THE WESTERN MERCHANTS

We have been told that in the West the grain
In harvest time so yellows all the plain
That the blue sky seems dippt in a green stain.

And that beyond the grain, the pasture runs
Well watered on, to distant horizons,
Feeding the cattle in their millions.

And that beyond the pastures is the wood,
Mile beyond mile in leafy multitude
Of red-hearts, each dark shadowing a rood.

And that beyond the wood, the mountains are
Gleaming with ore and shimmering with spar
Wealth like a beacon burning from afar.

And that beyond the mountains there are lakes
Where fish so stuff the net that the mesh breaks,
And men can tread the track the salmon takes.

And that beyond the lakes are glens wherein
The hunter Indian with the painted skin
Has heard the mammoth trumpet to his kin.

And seen from out the dim green forest-hold
Vast tusks outcurve and hairy trunk unfold,
Beyond the glens are mountains made of gold.

ALL THE MERCHANTS

And for these things we offer English wares,
The harvest that the slag-soiled foundry bears,
The fruit of blackened boughs in poison'd airs.

Coal from the mines, and iron, crude and wrought,
Machines, the slaves begotten of man's thought,
Cottons and woollens, these shall be the fraught.

These, and the sons of men, we offer these
To send as our exchange across the seas,
For all the planet's beauty, wealth and ease.

LIVERPOOL

And you, my sailors, see the ships at rest,
Ready to wander Ocean on this quest;

Beauty and worldly power are at one
In all these ships, the finest under sun.

I have these things to sell, these things to buy.
Will you take ship and barter for me?

SAILORS

Ay,
We will take ship and barter as you bid.

LIVERPOOL

The seas are little known, their dangers hid.

SAILORS

Life is a chance, a danger, a chance more.

LIVERPOOL

The sea will lie behind you, sea before.

SAILORS

By sun and moon and star we find a path.

LIVERPOOL

Against you will be wind and sea in wrath;

SAILORS

Against them will be light heart and cool head.

LIVERPOOL

Bitter your drink will be, and hard your bread.

SAILORS

Sweetness and softness will be found ashore.

LIVERPOOL

The washing seas will soak you to the core.

SAILORS

We shall not be the first nor yet the last.

LIVERPOOL

You will be frozen, working on the mast.

SAILORS

We shall be hot enough in lower hold.

LIVERPOOL

Yes, you will sweat enough, for little gold.

SAILORS

Our mothers did not make us thrifty, Queen.

LIVERPOOL

The sleepless nights and toil will make you lean.

SAILORS

Fat men and fatness both belong on land.

LIVERPOOL

Strange deaths await you, many as the sand.

SAILORS

But only one will kill us, as elsewhere.

LIVERPOOL

Death waits to murder vessels as they fare.

SAILORS

Some, Death will take, but some he will not take.

LIVERPOOL

Those that he cannot murder he will break.

SAILORS

That which is only broken we can mend.

LIVERPOOL

The sea gives but hard days and harder end.

SAILORS

We do not heed the end, we only care
To take the ship and wander anywhere;

To mind her, day and night, while underneath
The mouth of ocean opens, showing teeth.

To give her beauty, though ourselves have none,
And let the others have the wealth that's won.

But for ourselves, a ship, and open space,
Blue water, and a salt wind in the face.

Come brothers, the sea waits, ay, many seas
Wait for the will of men who love not ease.

Come, let us man the windlass and again
Heave, singing up the anchor and its chain.

Come, man the windlass, and heave in, away.

SOLOIST

In Liverpool where I was bred,

SAILORS

A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST

They taught me how to heave the lead

SAILORS

And across the Western Ocean
We're bound away to-day.
They'll give me a donkey's breakfast,
When I sign away my pay;
And across the Western Ocean
We're bound away to-day.

SOLOIST

They taught me how to hand and steer,

SAILORS

A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST

And all the leads of all the gear.

SAILORS

And across the Western Ocean
(*etc. etc., as before*).

SOLOIST

It's hard to starve and freeze and bleed.

SAILORS

A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST

Hell at the end would be hard indeed.

SAILORS

And across the Western Ocean
(*etc. etc., as before*).

LIVERPOOL

Farewell, adventurous hearts, who, in thin rags
For little pay accept the little ease
Of bearing up aloft my merchants' flags
Into the havens of all foreign seas;
Who give your strength, your watchfulness, your care,
To things not yours, at all times, everywhere.

THE MERCHANTS

Farewell, O valorous souls, to whom we trust
Our treasure, our magnificence of ships,
In the wind's anger and the billow's lust,
When steel is crumpled and when timber rips,

We know, when the wind howls, that you are there
Awake, on guard, for our sakes, everywhere.

LIVERPOOL

Farewell, and if it be you never come
After long waiting, late, dismantled, tosst,
Again into this river of your home,
But lie on the sad record of things lost;
Farewell, and blessing, for no holier guide
Is here, than those who, in attempting, died.

And know, that He who walkt upon the waves
Will befriend sailors, and at Death and Wreck
Stand by them ever with the Hand that Saves
Even as the roller thunders on the deck
And guide both ship and sailor to the blue
Bay of more peace than any living knew.

ALL

And there, such spirit-voyage as the souls
May take for man on the Eternal Seas
That beat about Man's headlands and Earth's poles,
Surely such great adventurers will make these
Bringing to men who suffer and despond
In life on earth, good tidings from beyond.

UNDER LOWER TOPSAILS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC
The figure on the poop is that of CAPTAIN CHRISTIAN

LOOKING UP THE MAIN-MAST FROM ABAFT

CAPTAIN SPENCER
Then Chief Mate

CAPTAIN DANIEL
Then Second Mate

Photograph lent by CAPTAIN DANIEL

The Wanderer

You swept across the waters like a Queen,
Finding a path where never trackway showed,
Daylong you coultered the ungarnered clean
Casting your travelling shadow as you strode.

And in the nights, when lamps were lit, you sped
With gleams running beside you, like to hounds,
Swift, swift, a dappled glitter of light shed
On snatching sprays above collapsing mounds.

And after many a calm and many a storm,
Nearing the land, your sailors saw arise
The pinnacles of snow where streamers form,
And the ever-dying surf that never dies.

Then, laden with Earth's spoils, you used to come
Back, from the ocean's beauty to the roar
Of all the hammers of the mills of home,
Your wandering sailors dragged you to the shore,

Singing, to leave you muted and inert,
A moping place for sea-gulls in the rain
While city strangers trod you with their dirt,
And landsmen loaded you for sea again.

Liverpool, 1890

Gray sea dim, smoke-blowing, hammer-racket, sirens
Calling from ships, ear-breaking riveting, the calthrops
Of great gray drays, fire-smiting on the cobbles, dragging
The bales of cotton.

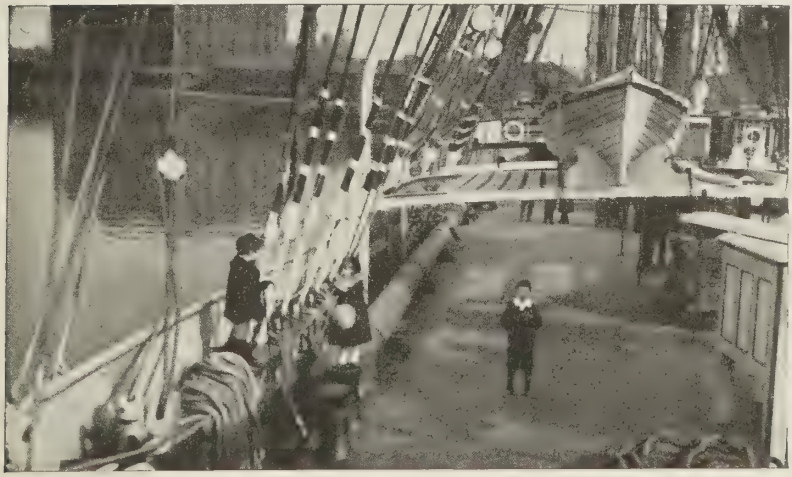
The warehouse roofs, wet-gleaming, the ships bedraggled
Awry-swung yards, backt on the main, the jib booms
Run in, the winches clanking, the slings of cargo
Running up, jolt.

There lie the ships, paint-rusted, each as a person
In rake or sheer or rig, coulters or counters,
Sea-shearing bows, those swords of beauty that thrust
The heart with rapture.

All fair ships, man-killers some, sea-eagles, sluggards.
Tall, too, many: lofty, a dread to look at, dizzy thus:
Among them always one more sky-aspiring, queen,
Remembered always.

STARBOARD FORE DECK, FROM FO'C'S'LE-HEAD

Photograph by JAMES RANDALL, ESQ., OF BRISTOL



PORT AFTER DECK, FROM THE WHALEBACK

from a photograph by JAMES RANDALL, ESQ., OF BRISTOL

Liverpool, 1930

The dockyards of the ancient days are filled
With roads and buildings: of the ships that were
Not any lift their glory to the air;
The singing of their coming-in is stilled.

All has become much greater than of old,
Man has advanced in mastery afar,
The soul of man is conquering his star,
Mud has been changed for granite, dross for gold.

O Capital, whose highway is the sea,
I think of forty years hence, when your spires
Will flame with beauty's intellectual fires,
And what your sons imagine now, will be.

On Skysails

I saw you often as the crown of Queens
As snow upon a mountain, as the rose
Red in the middest summer's many greens
You were the beauty's final grace, as those.

Or as the spire that lifts aloft in heaven,
Or as the wind-vane on the spiry peak,
Or as the glory glimmering in the sweven,
Caught by the dreamer as he wakens weak.

Or as the rapture of the heart at breaking,
Or Power's last touch, or manhood's winning-place,
Even so were you that set the shadows shaking,
On ever hurrying sea, to leave no trace.

Far, far away, the men beholding knew
A queen the more was passing, seeing you.

WANDERERS, 1892

from a photograph lent by MR. ARNETT

The west wind blows the smoke among the rain,
The rigging drips, the iridescent dock
Dimples beneath each following pellet's knock,
From each ship's scupper crawls a rusty stain.

The winches rattle cargo; from a shoot
Coal thunders down; a tugboat threshes past
Towing a ship with colours at her mast;
An orange-bearer scents the air with fruit.

Four boys, two ancient riggers and a mate
Heave round upon a capstan, the pawls clink,
The gathered heaves of purchase fall and kink,
The dangling yard goes up into the sky,
Up on its end it goes and swings awry
And settles square, and is a crown of state.

They reared the pine-tree to its height and held
Its slender taper steady with a stay.
What Nature could not compass they compelled,
There the spar stood, since Nature must obey.

Then, turning pride to use, they crossed the yard,
Itself a triumph with its manly gear,
Theirs was a Queen whom nothing should retard
They set a sail upon the pointing spear.

And there it gleamed aloft, below the flag
Over strange seas, impelled by many airs.
What though the waters raged? What heeds the stag,
Running the hills, of stag-hounds, as he fares?

He pays no heed, but canters, as did she
Billow by crashing billow, sea by sea.

WANDERERS

from a photograph lent by MR. KIDDIE

Pay

The world paid but a penny for its toil,
That which was priceless got the beggar's dole;
Men who fetcht beauty, iron, corn or oil
Scarce could keep beggar's bones about the soul.

I saw those sailing seamen, cotton-clad,
Housed in wet kennels, worm-fed, cheated, driven,
Three pounds a month, and small delight they had,
Save the bright water and the winds of heaven.

Yet from their sweated strength an order rose
The full-rigged ship in her delightful line
So beautiful and tranquil in repose
But in supremest action so divine.

For in the trampling seas the beauty stood
Trampling those seas, and made her pathway good.

They had secured their beauty to the dock,
First having decked her to delight the eye.
After long months of water and the sky
These twenty saw the prison doors unlock;

These twenty men were free to quit the ship,
To tread dry land and slumber when they chose,
To count no bells that counted their repose,
To waken free from python Duty's grip.

What they had suffered and had greatly been
Was stamped upon their faces; they were still
Haggard with the indomitable will
That singleness of purpose had made clean.

These twenty threadbare men with frost-bit ears
And canvas bags and little chests of gears.

CAPTAIN BAILEY (SEATED) IN THE CABIN, 1901
from a photograph lent by MR. KIDDIE

Under Three Lower Topsails

Three lower topsails dark with wet are straining
The lower yards to curves, a great sea runs,
Shrouds shriek aloft, the fabric is complaining,
The roaring of the nor-nor-easter stuns.

Men stand together waiting for a call,
Their yellow oilskins glisten as they stir.
Each clambering comber toppling wall on wall
Seethes and roars by before its follower.

The ship goes labouring on, until a pause,
A lurch, while a sea mounts and climbs and crowns;
Then like some rapturous instant's loud applause
The thundering billow breaks aboard and drowns:

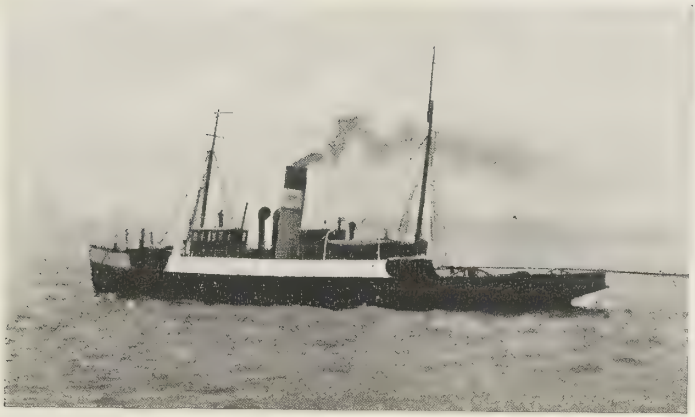
Flooding the deck rail under, that she lies
Quenched, and the seaman wonders, *Will she rise?*

Eight Bells

Four double strokes repeated on the bells,
And then away, away the shufflers go
Aft to the darkness where the ruler dwells,
Where by the rail he sucks his pipe aglow;
Beside him his relief looks down on those below.

There in the dark they answer to their names,
Those dozen men, and one relieves the wheel,
One the look-out, the others sit to games
In moonlight, backed against the bulkhead's steel,
In the lit patch the hands flick, card by card, the deal.

Meanwhile the men relieved are forward all,
Some in their bunks asleep, while others sing
Low-voiced some ditty of the halliard-fall,
The ship impels them on with stooping wing,
Rolling and roaring on with triumph in her swing.



TUG *SARAH JOLLIFFE*
Photograph lent by the NAUTICAL PHOTO. AGENCY

THE *MERANNIO*
Photograph lent by the NAUTICAL PHOTO. AGENCY

Posted

Dream after dream I see the wrecks that lie
Unknown of man, unmarked upon the charts,
Known of the flat-fish with the withered eye,
And seen by women in their aching hearts.

World-wide the scattering is of those fair ships
That trod the billow tops till out of sight:
The cuttle mumbles them with horny lips
The shells of the sea-insects crust them white.

In silence and in dimness and in greenness
Among the indistinct and leathery leaves
Of fruitless life they lie among the cleanness.
Fish glide and flit, slow under-movement heaves:

But no sound penetrates, not even the lunge
Of live ships passing, nor the gannet's plunge.

If

If it could be, that in this southern port
They should return upon the south-west gale
To make again the empty bay their court
Queen beyond queen, at rest or under sail.

And if, from every ship, the songs should rise
From those strong throats, and all be as before,
Should we not all be changed and recognize
Their inner power and exalt them more?

Not so, we should not, we should let them be,
Each age must have its unregarded use,
That is but of its time, on land and sea,
Things have their moment, not a longer truce.

Each darkness has her stars, and when each sets
The dawn, that hardly saw her, soon forgets.

WANDERERS, 1904 (?)
from a photograph lent by MR. JANMART

"PUSS," THE *WANDERER'S* CAT, 1904-5
from a photograph lent by R. JANMART, ESQ.

I Saw Her Here

All tranquil is the mirror of the bay,
Empty the anchorage from shore to shore
A seagull rides the water where she lay
The ships are gone, they come not any more.

Smoke rises from the town, not any noise
Save from the gulls that mew about the pier,
The shadows in the water stand at poise,
All different from the day when she was here.

For she was here when the tumultuous west
Roared on this granite coast for days together,
And billows rode the Channel under crest
While all the hurt swans sheltered from the weather

And maddened water seethed along her sides
Here, in this quiet, where the seagull rides.

Wanderer and Wonderer

When first the thought of you took steel
I could not know, I could not feel.

When first you thundered down the slip
What more? I had not seen a ship.

When riggers crowned you with your pride
I trod the sunburned country-side,

In cider time, by apple trees,
In stubble, after partridges,

Two hundred miles perhaps from where
Those now-dead sailors made you fair.

* * *

I could not know, but by some law,
You were the first great ship I saw

Unwitting, I: had I but known
I would have searcht you to the bone.

I saw you in disaster, then,
I sided with you against men.

For beauty, not success, endures
I saw that queenly soul of yours.

Angels with silver trumpets blew
The song of glory that was you.

They were the self men did not see
Behind the rags of misery.

So is it, in this world, where power
Waits for the rotting of Death's hour.

Which is but for an hour, though shrewd
Its poison is on hardihood.

Out of all death, out of all dream,
I help your spirit to go gleam.

And you, unutterably fair,
Shine on my mind's sea everywhere.

O opportunity let pass;
Beauty that no more is, that was.

Passer that challenged and went by,
A live thing in dead memory,

We two were subtlier linkt than most
By thrilling atoms of the ghost

And shall perhaps be, still, anon,
In wondering and wandering on,

From whence none knows, to where none knows,
Save from the gas-whirl to the rose,

And from the rose to man, and thence
To spirit that has beaten sense.

To that that can annihilate,
To Heat, all Death, to Light, all Fate,

And is all spirit, spark and spur,
Magnificence and minister,
To Wonderer and Wanderer.

And so, farewell, sea-wandering bird,
Whose flight I watcht, whose call I heard,
The time has come
For the last touch, for the last word.

You, with the transitory grace
That gat steel limbs a little space

Have wandered on
Away, into another place.

I, that have flesh, shall follow soon
As Life commands Death pipe the tune
To change elsewhere
Or here on earth beneath the moon.

However changed upon the chain
Your shape and mine will meet again.
When ship meets ship,
Sea-wanderer, the colours dip.
The hidden then may be made plain.

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